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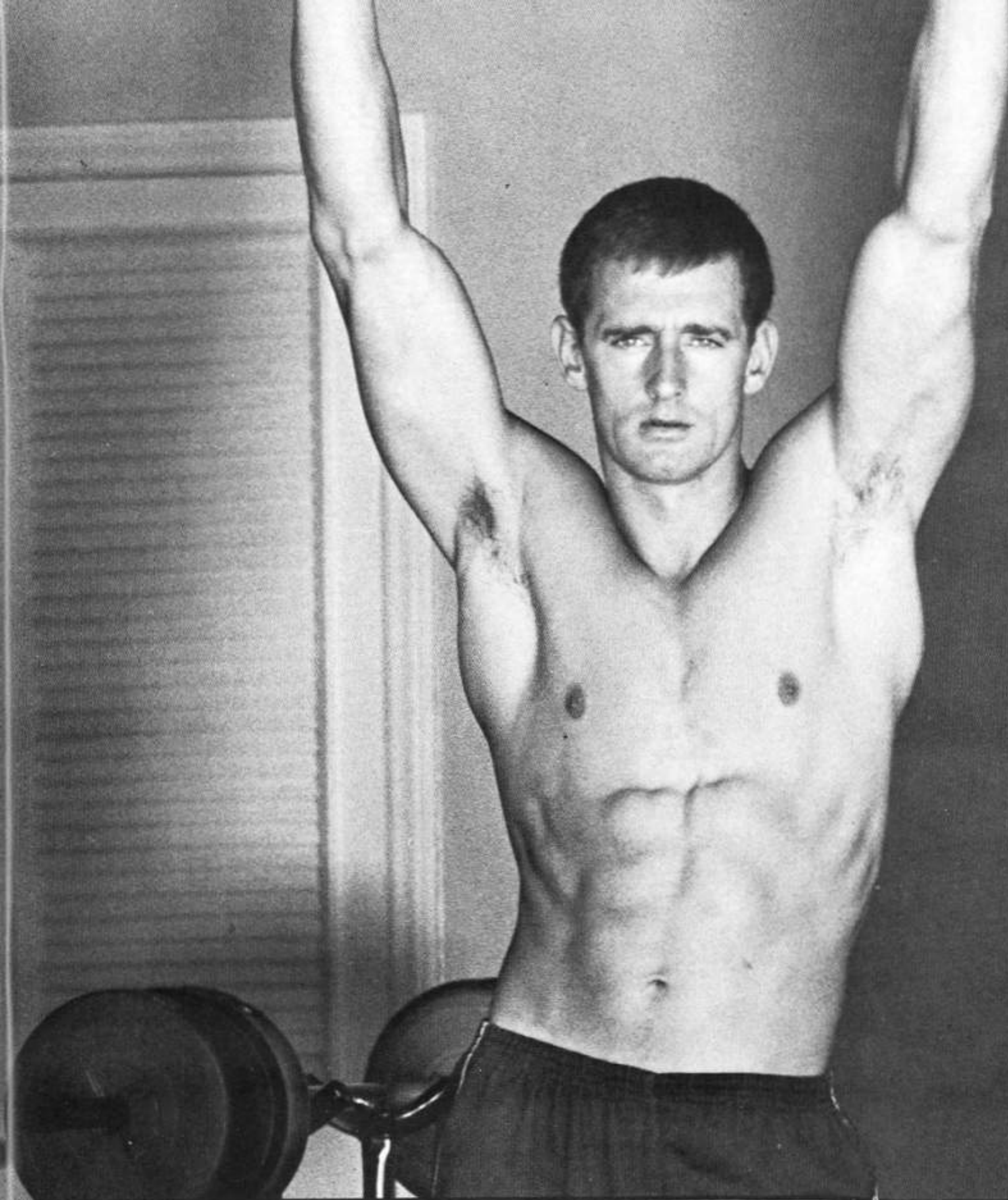
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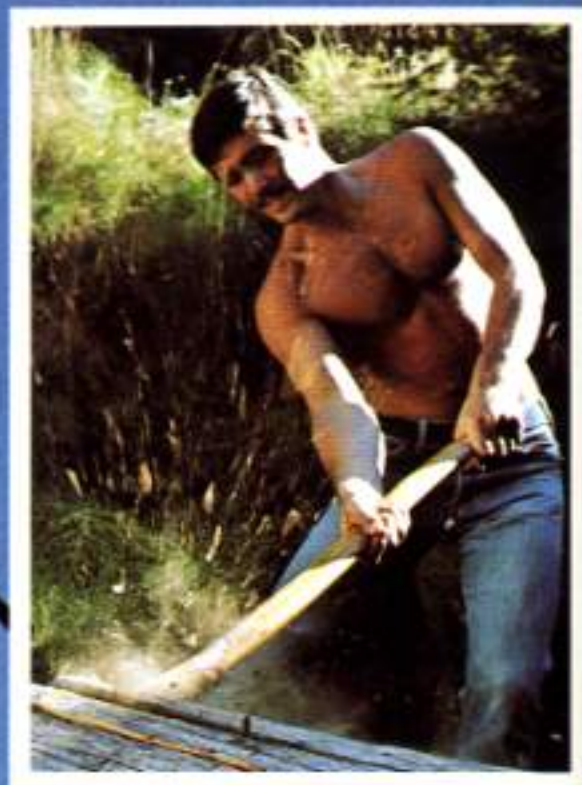
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EDITOR'S PEN

There's a little bit of something for everyone, as they say, in this issue of *IN TOUCH*. First off, there's a change in format, in which we're placing our regular review columns (films / records / books / theatre) up front and thus leaving several extra pages in the main portion of the magazine for special features. It's not that there's any less here — there's actually more — it's just distributed a little more nicely. Much like our three nude discoveries, who we think you'll agree are distributed quite nicely.

For starters, photographer Layne Nielson (who captured centerfold Danny Delaney for us last time around) has cornered Clyde Dayton Wallace both on the track and off. A front runner in anyone's book. Then there's our California boy, Marc Cole (photographed by Richard Sullivan), who proves sun and surf can tan and tighten a body like no health spa program can. And there's also Michael Barrington (lensed by Hy Chase) whose dark good looks and lean body penetrate right through.

In this issue, we're proud to add two new cameramen to our staff of contributors — Richard Sullivan (who followed Marc Cole to the beach) and Charlie Airwaves, one of the most innovative young photographers we've ever encountered, who'll do just about anything to get the right kind of illustration for an article. He's responsible for several photos in this issue. Sullivan not only put our California boy on film, he also brought us in touch with Art Brady, the stained glass window maker who truly believes in creating beautiful things — like his own physique.

If you want to do more than look at beautiful bodies, then try a little bedtime reading. Author Dick Sheppard shares a part of his life with us — in particular the trials and tribulations of becoming an author and capturing Elizabeth Taylor between the pages — no small accomplishment considering that she adds a new chapter every week. "I thought semi-seriously of sending Elizabeth a note," he writes: "Do nothing more till September."



Photo by David Seligman

Charlie Airwaves

For armchair travelers, and those who actually do pack bags and fly off to new horizons, our Chicago correspondent Andre takes us on a tour of the windy city, where the only heat this time of year has to come from your own body.

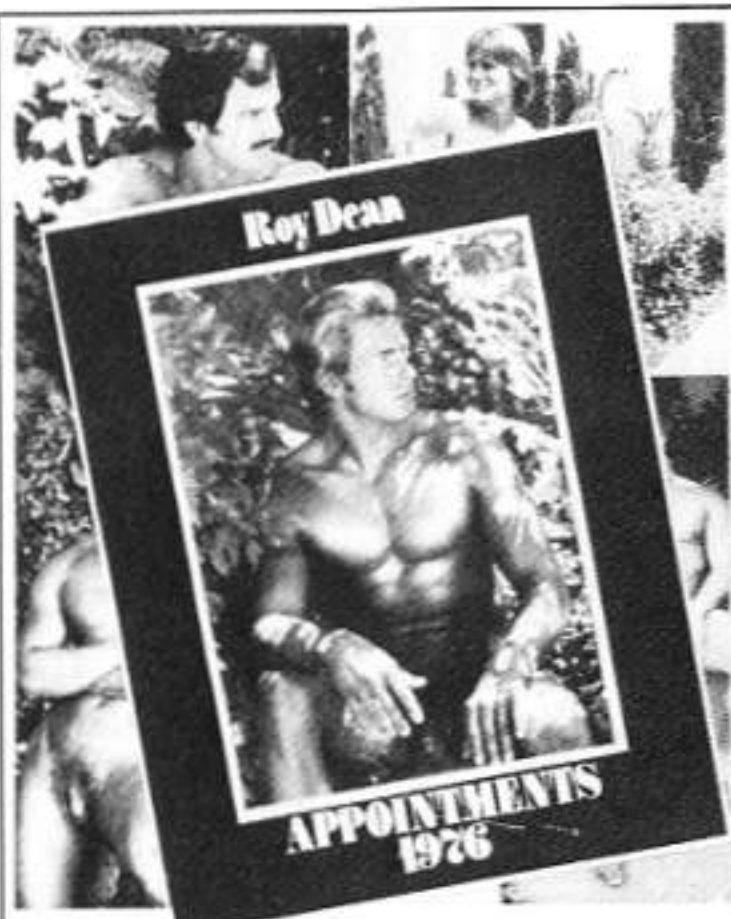
In the tradition of the Petty and Vargas girls in some famous magazines for men, we offer our own drawings for men — the art of Harry Bush, whose visions of young, hunky muscular numbers have been entertaining readers of physique magazines for years.

As for young men on the rise — we've always got them — and they're certainly on the way up. Which is where we're headed too. Stick with us for an awfully exciting '76. ●

Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

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CREATING a BETTER LIFE

What are the gay movement's chief goals? Which should have priority? What responsibility do average gays have to pursue them?

Many old-line gay activists insist that our sole job is law reform. That has been achieved somewhat in several states and it's obvious that much more needs to be done. The anti-gay education we've all had affects us at deeper levels even than the law.

Several service-minded activists are equally instrumental in defining movement goals: our chief task they say is to assist those in trouble, on a one-to-one basis, to pick up the

pieces strewn about by a wasteful, homophobic society. I don't think it detracts from the urgency of aiding individuals (by legal or medical services, helping transsexuals, the handicapped, prisoners and parolees) to say that this isn't the whole answer either.

Some say we must get to the root of our problems (the proper use, they say, of the word radical) and treat causes, not symptoms and side-effects. But here every theorist has his or her own agenda. Many Marxists attribute all discrimination to class oppression and point with strange astigmatism to bias-free communist countries. Some Christians



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rest all our tribulations in God's hand, content to wait another 2,000 years for liberation to fall like manna from above. There are still those of scientific bent who expect a cure to pop out of somebody's test tube. Others see just a PR job, convincing the general public that we're just like everyone else. And one friend of mine still seeks to convince fathers to acquire good pederastic (the original meaning of education) training for their sons.

It's easy to lose patience with those locked into ultimate agendas and to lose ourselves in individual problems we can get a grip on, to seek recognizable political gains on a local level.

But we need a middle ground between the utopians' grand schemes, the instrumentalists' patchwork and the vast majority concerned with their own creature-comforts.

Useless to weep over the lack of concern most gays display. Like it or not, most social reforms are advanced by only a handful of people. But I feel that gays who are exploring the potential of gay life are doing one of the most valuable jobs.

I would see the movement's major task as creating better lives for gays, in ways consistent with the general social good. As each of us seeks to realize the gay potential in our own lives — the spiritual values, not just the sex-chase — other objectives fall into place. Rap-sessions and peer-counseling, media presentations and the upgrading of gay community facilities (we work to make one bar more sociable, even to close an irresponsible and oppressive one — but beware: the bar that some think oppressive may be liberating to others), gay studies and communal living experiments all have their focus.

Half the effort falls not on the organized movement but on individual gays working to enrich their lives and those around them, to escape the old definitions of homosexual behavior and to explore the untapped dimensions of gayness. That also is the domain on our poets and artists as they free themselves from the demand of the hetero-controlled market.

—JIM KEPNER

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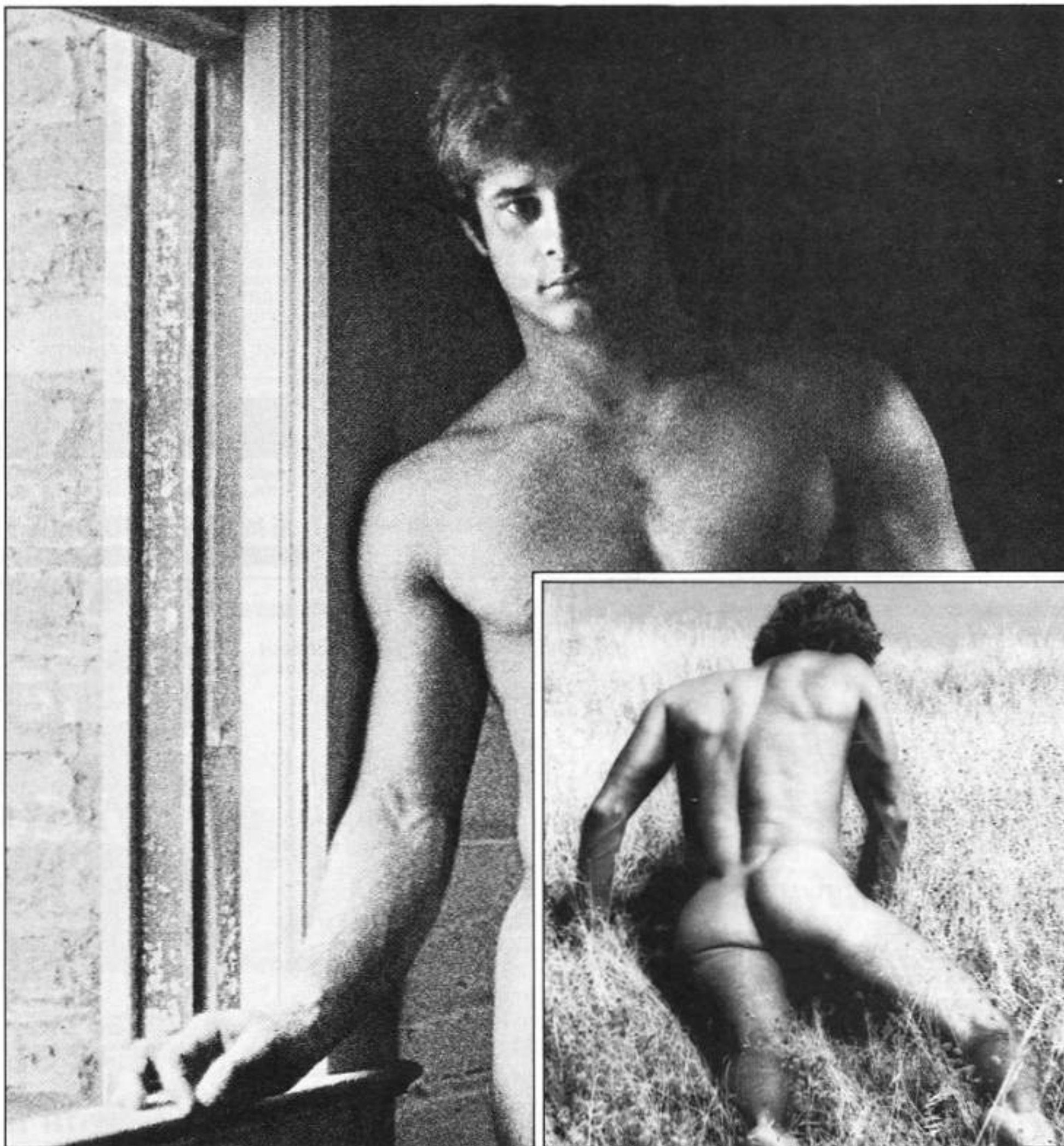
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Well... it was a good go guys, but something is missing!

To the contrary, it hasn't been opened up a bit too much (in fact the wedding scene is slyly funny). All the other additions . . . derived from a whole clutch of fun/camp flicks . . . are all well in keeping with the spirit of the foolishness.

To be sure, the spark that set off the original production, Tim Curry as Dr. Frank-N-Furter, is back and magically slips right into his butch drag, not a whit too big for the more-telling cameras. Richard O'Brien, who also wrote the book, music and lyrics, doubles up in the film and pants right in behind him for close second honors as the assistant, Riff-



Aside from those three stand-out/knockouts, the performances range from excellent — Peter Hinwood as the surfer monster and dumb blonde — to good — Barry Bostwick as the hero, Brad, in one of the most unplayable roles ever written — to fair and all the way down to really bad — that fine actress Pat Quinn whose naturalistic approach just doesn't fit here. K.O.-ing the best female role in the show.

problems . . . like getting the narrator to fit in all the proceedings. While he was funny at first, his appearances soon ground everything to a dead halt. Also, Meatloaf was very good as Eddie but they should have let him still double up as Dr. Scott as he'd done in the play. The actor who did Scott destroyed one of the funniest bits of business in the whole show . . . with the high-heels and net hose. The addition of a chorus out of an old AIP bike flick seemed like a really funny idea but just didn't come off.

Still, it is by no means a total failure . . . nothing with the devine Tim Curry doing what he does here could be that . . . so, I urge you to see it, even if you've seen the play. If you haven't seen the play, then you



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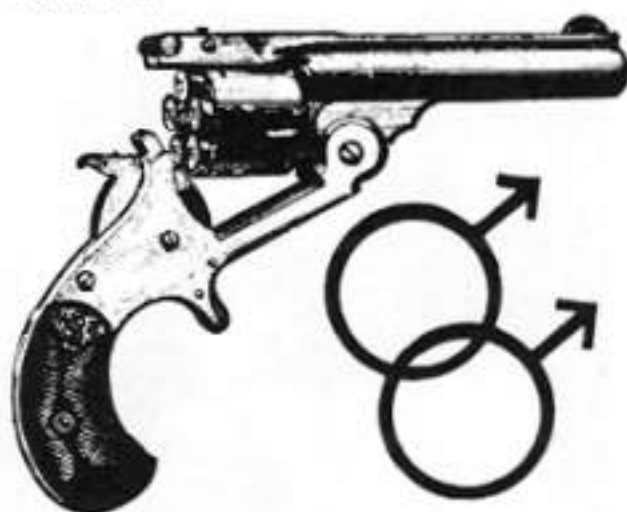
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must go. You'll never know what went on before and this new production on the screen is more than enough to make your trip on the sequin brick road.

—HUGH HARRISON

Al Pacino is generally regarded among other actors as the one to measure up against — the penultimate, the actors' actor. Out of his first five films, he has received three Oscar nominations. Film number six, "Dog Day Afternoon," may very well provide nomination number four.

It is a joy to watch Pacino at work, deftly and skillfully creating and sustaining a complex, well-rounded, three-dimensional character. But "Dog Day Afternoon" is not just a one-man show. It is filled with beautifully-drawn performances, from the major roles down to the walk-ons.



If it has any single fault, it is the length. At well over two hours, the film gets a trifle tedious just when it should be getting suspenseful. As fine as each little moment is, some of them should be scrapped so that audiences will not have the time to be quite so conscious of what a brilliant performance they are watching. That revelation should come as an afterthought, not as a moment-to-moment observation.

The story is based on a true incident, one familiar to any regular reader of the gay press. On a blazing August day in 1972, two gunmen entered a tiny neighborhood bank in Brooklyn and attempted a holdup. They were quickly trapped in the bank by an army of police, and they then attempted to use the bank employees to insure their safe passage out of the country. What made the whole incident unique was their motive for the holdup. They were trying to get enough money to finance a sex-change operation for the male lover of one of the bandits.

Some gay groups have lodged protests against the film for its por-

trayal of gays as neurotics and criminals, and there is something to be said for these concerns. Despite the obvious sympathy director Sidney Lumet develops for his characters, there is still not a single gay character in the film that would be an admirable role model for a young incipient Gay. Of course, the same holds true for most of the heterosexual characters, too, but while the negative hits are offset by positive images elsewhere, the negative Gays merely reinforce an almost universal media image of the homosexual as either a dangerous criminal or a ludicrous neurotic.

Even so, there is nothing inherently wrong with "Dog Day Afternoon" as a unit unto itself. The question is whether an excellent film, whose characters are entirely justified within their context, should be faulted because nowhere is there a compensating image. Obviously not all Gays are whimpering transsexuals or manic-depressive bank robbers, but some are. Perhaps the gay groups should concentrate more on promulgating an accurate overall image of Gays in which a film like this one can fit as a part of the total picture, rather than trying to suppress every mention of Gays in the media merely because most of them are negative.

Despite its incidental statement about Gays as a group, "Dog Day Afternoon" is a brilliant film and it deserves a large and appreciative audience.

—JOHN MARVIN

music

Back in the primitive days of rock ... say, the mid-'60s ... just about the same time we were getting rolled with an English accent by the Beatles, America seemed to have found an answer. San Francisco fed us a vinyl-flavored tab of acid rock.

The initial splash was really tremendous but the ensuing ripples were negligent, washing up on the shores of rock immortality one group of any real merit, the erratic but often brilliant Jefferson Airplane, now Starship. (All that does not include Janis Joplin, who achieved real greatness only after she dropped her terrible, San Francisco-based backup group, Big Brother and The Holding Company.)

Now, we may well have another group that can return our attention to that Golden City. That group is the new A&M recording group, The Tubes. This will not happen, sad to say, on the strength of their new LP. I really don't mean this as a put-down of either the recording or the group. It comes, I fear, with the territory. The Tubes are in a rock movement, called punk-rock, that may well be as important to see as hear. I'm not even sure that it can be all put on record, not when costumes and posturing are just as important as what's being said or sung.

If you've seen the Tubes, then by all means you should own the LP. All the correct songs are there, like "White Punks On Dope" (NO! Absolutely no hope of air play!) and the famous, kinky fun number, "Mondo Bondage." BUT... what you must do, to get the full impact, is close your eyes and fill in all the missing parts. On the other hand if you haven't seen them, you're apt to be pretty mystified by the whole thing.

There is a glimmer of hope. The Sweet and their "Ballroom Blitz" almost makes it. That was something I thought impossible. Even good old Elton John told us about what we couldn't see in "Benny and the Jets." That helped. Now, even with all my doubts, I'll wait and see what some canny young genius can come up with. Until that time, it's... "get thee to the concerts!"

—HUGH HARRISON

Producer, arranger, conductor Thom Bell leads the Spinners through yet another meticulously phrased album song set, **Mighty Love** (Atlantic), whose most solid bid for longevity is the Bell-Linda Creed "I'm Coming Home," recorded before an enthusiastic live audience. Our favorites, however, are "Love Don't Love Nobody" and the Simmons-Jefferson-Hawes ballads, "Mighty Love," "Love Has Gone Away" and "Ain't No Price On Happiness." Louise Williams' liner notes provide a horoscope documenting what we have long known, just what a uniquely harmonious and fortuitous conjunction of talented personalities the Spinners are.

In his latest, post-grits, Memphis sound burst, Al Green spends less time leading his own rooting section in the sort of narcissistic squeals which had come to accompany his

live performance buckings and rose-tossings. With **Al Green Is Love** (Hi) he simply offers ten neatly varied and balanced tracks to inspire the listener to get it on to his very own obligatto of heavy breathing. Willie Mitchell's "I Wish You Were Here" is a fine prelude. "Could I Be The One" might be the apt post-lude. In between, Green's own driving "Love Ritual" or "L-O-V-E." Every selection is capable of inspiring individual improvisations.

Mandrill has a new label and new management — the same folks who kept the New Christy Minstrels name working with ever-changing, budget personnel long after the hits stopped



coming. What Solid (UA) lacks is that focus of direction which good management ought to inspire, largely diffused in over-production and post-production. "Silk" and "Solid" reaffirm Mandrill's claim to the heritage of the best easy Latin jazz sounds of the early '60s. The rest is vamping. Sub-Deodato.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences composers' committee, which selects nominees for best scoring and songs, is a notoriously closed shop, trading off votes among the old and established locals, with little note of the changing sounds of the world. By the time that they could no longer ignore The Beatles, it was the song scoring of their farewell film that was honored. While chances are slight that they will, they should pay attention to Earth, Wind & Fire's rich soul song scoring for **That's The Way Of The World** (Columbia). Often reminis-

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—DAMON WEST

theatre

paris:

It's not often we have a chance to see nudity in Paris; and nudity with blatant homosexual expression is even more of a rarity. Yet last July at a tiny cafe-theatre called Selenite on Paris' Left Bank, un spectacle de minuit opened entitled "Peau d'Homme" (Skin of Man), and it's still going strong.

This erotic series of sketches, created and directed by Francois Kiener, is imaginatively set to music. Practically, all of the sketches show four young men being violated (simulated of course) or in the throes of orgasm. Although one of the actors asked me not to concentrate on the nude aspect of the sketches, it's difficult not to mention it as we're bombarded with nudity and orgiastic writhings and gropings.

The four young men are attractive, and their ability to move to music, contorting themselves into fantastic positions and couplings, shows clearly that they have done their "homework."

The sketches include a well-executed combat piece called "Assault;" "Mao West," a sexual dance in front of a large poster of Mao who at the last minute turns out to be in fact a woman; "Navy Tango" with two sailors "on the town" dancing and groping each other; "Chain," in which one fellow straps on a gigantic penis and menacingly threatens another who tries to escape up a chain that hangs from the middle of the ceiling.

"In A Oval Frame Work" is about a young man apparently in love with a statue; "Nocturne," a sketch about four men in a park in the proverbial gang bang; "Possessed" with a madman, writhing and crawling about frantically in the throes of paroxysm; and "An Oriental Education," which was a bit coarse. A man is sacrificed

to the gods, as it were, as two others violate him with imitation penises of varying sizes.

"Flower of the Penal Colony" has two men painting each other's nude bodies while another turns them around on a revolving platform; and "Locker Room," the finale, with everyone taking off their clothes, quickly showering with a few little gropes here and there and then dressing in space suits.

Cast members are: David Pom-tremoli, 25, from Parma, Italy, who has been living in Paris for the last four years. Aside from acting, he devotes some of his time to painting. Bernard Nguyen Gao Khuong, 21, from Saigon, who has been living in Paris for ten years. When not acting,



Photo by Daniel Boudinet

he sells jeans in a boutique. Walter Manley, 24, from Washington, D.C., who came to Paris three years ago to study cultural anthropology at the Sorbonne. And Roland Faure, 30, a native of Paris. He has done mime in Sicily and has danced at the Comedie Francaise.

It is always difficult to start something new in the theatre. Nudity and homosexuality, as in New York or San Francisco, for example, are not very popular in gai Paris despite what many people think. So these four young men should be applauded for bringing not only something which is new and inventive to the City of Light, but for bringing an evening of beautifully executed sketches to a receptive audience, no matter how limited.

—PETER ADAMS

new york:

Bob Fosse, the master of razzle - dazzle, flashy, trashy decadence and all that jazz, is at it again in the Robert Fryer-James Cresson production of "Chicago," one of the hottest (in more ways than one) musicals on Broadway.

"Chicago" tells the story of Roxie Hart (Gwen Verdon, in yet another virginal whore characterization), a frustrated vaudeville performer, stuck in an unexciting marriage, who shoots her lover and, thanks to a flamboyant lawyer (Jerry Orbach) and a sympathetic press, ends up a



headliner with fellow murderess Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera at her trashy best).

The musical is a loose adaptation of an old play by Maurine Dallas Watkins, which 20th Century-Fox made into a movie in 1943 titled *Roxie Hart*. Ginger Rogers starred in the film, which critics said provided "fair comedy and poor drama."

Happily, Fosse and Fred Ebb have envisioned the new "Chicago" as "a musical vaudeville," and in writing the book they have sharpened the comedy and mostly replaced the drama with an infectious, jazzy score by John Kander and Fred Ebb ("Cabaret," "Liza With a Z," *Funny Lady* and Chita Rivera's nightclub act, just to mention a few of their credits). The show is presented in a series of songs and vaudeville sketch type scenes, each announced by an emcee. The orchestra is in full sight on a platform

above the stage, looking as if they were doing a 1920's radio broadcast from downtown Chicago.

And Fosse, taking a tip from one of the songs, "Razzle Dazzle," has provided plenty of that in staging the show.

"It's all show business, kid. This trial, the whole world, show business," the lawyer tells Roxie in the song, which sums up Fosse's approach and the musical's sly satirical comment. "Give 'em the old razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle 'em. . . . Give 'em the old hocus pocus, bead and feather 'em. How can they see with sequins in their eyes?"

While there are not many beads and feathers in "Chicago," there's an abundance of razzle dazzle in Fosse's brilliant choreography, which is of the raunchy bumps and grinds style that became his trademark in the Fandango girls of "Sweet Charity," the Kit Kat girls of "Cabaret" and now the six merry murderesses of the Cook County jail. Completing the effect are Tony Walton's splendid set, Patricia Zipprodt's flashy costumes and Jules Fisher's colorful lighting.

While "Chicago" is always an exciting, raucous entertainment, it also presents a hard — but not overly obtrusive — look at America's preoccupation with violence and how criminals are often elevated to celebrity status by the attention showered on them by the press. (As in the recent media coverage given to Patty Hearst and "Squeaky" Fromme.) It also makes a rather interesting comment on popular entertainment.

This is all secondary to the show's entertainment values, however, and entertain it does. The performances are all superb, especially Chita Rivera who shines like a tarnished rhinestone in the raucous dances Fosse has designed for her. Jerry Orbach makes an appealing, strong-voiced lawyer, and Mary McCarty is a delight as the helpful prison matron, stopping the show belting "When You're Good to Mama." Barney Martin pulls off a touching sad clown routine ("Mr. Cellophane") as Roxie's faithful husband, and M. O'Haughey is hilarious in his drag performance of a newspaper sob sister, Mary Sunshine. There's also a handful of hunky looking chorus boys and girls.

While I did not get to see Gwen Verdon (I was lucky enough to catch Liza Minnelli, who replaced her for

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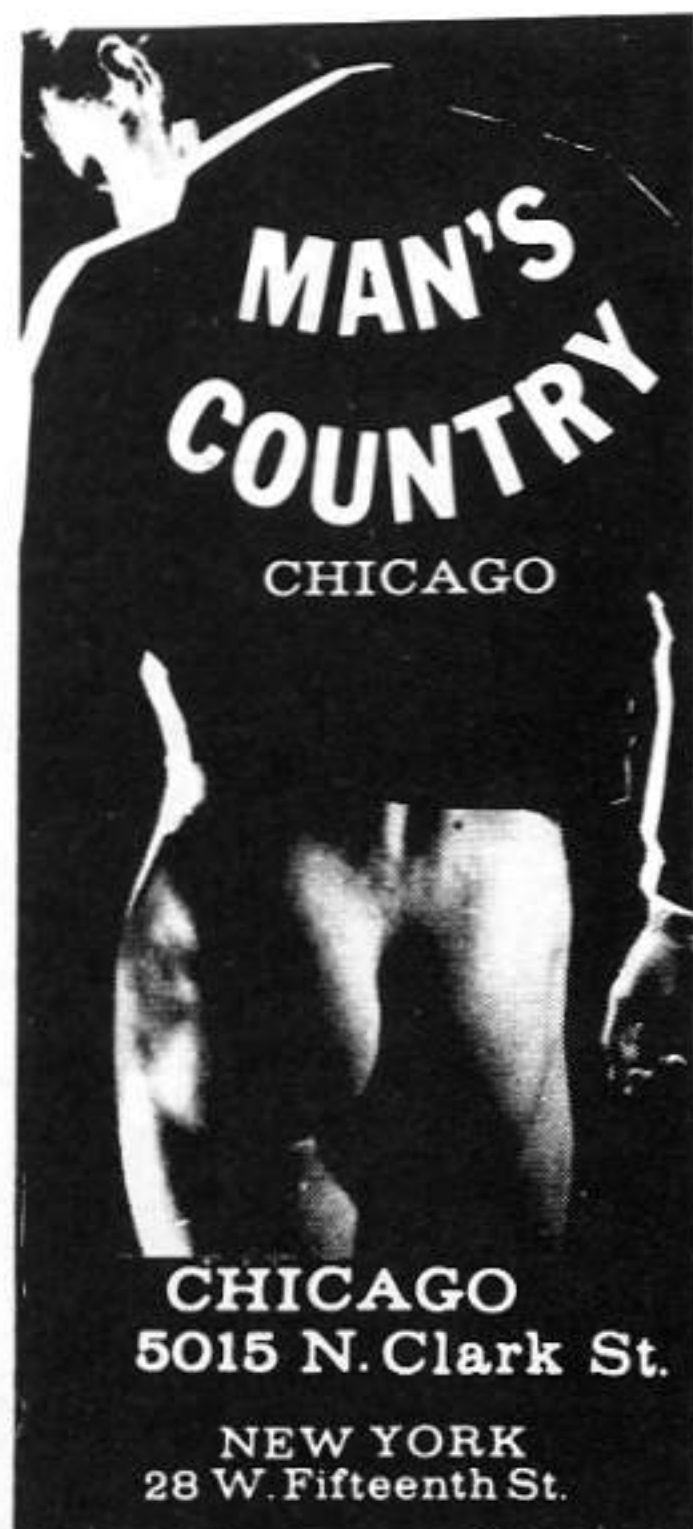
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five weeks earlier this season), I have heard her on the Arista original cast record album (which is also worth picking up) and know she must be fantastic in the role.

The fact that a major star of Liza's status stepped in for the ailing Gwen Verdon was a historic event on Broadway and she brought the house down with her energy and sensational talent. While everyone knew it, the fact Minnelli was replacing Verdon was not advertised and just before the curtain went up each evening a voice came over the speaker system announcing that "for tonight's performance the role of Roxie Hart will be played by Liza Minnelli." Of course, the audience went wild.

—RON ENGLERT

los angeles:

If the idea of spending Christmas with a defrocked priest turns you on (after all, how many Midnight Masses can one really take), mark your calendars now for Robert Fryer's new production of Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana," which plays Dec. 19 through Jan. 31 as the Ahmanson Theatre's second offering of the season.

Richard Chamberlain, who has become one of America's leading actors since giving up his lucrative medical practice on the tube, stars as the burnt-out, boozy ex-priest, with Eleanor Parker on hand to tempt him and Dorothy McGuire there to give him spiritual comfort. The production will also mark a "Dr. Kildare" reunion in that Raymond Massey has been set to play the dying poet-philosopher Nonno.

A potentially more promising reunion, however, will be Chamberlain with director Joseph Hardy. Hardy was responsible for guiding the actor's tremendous success as "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Ahmanson a couple of years ago (as well as in the excellent public television production of "The Lady's Not for Burning"), and, hopefully, the chemistry will work again.

If this doesn't strike you as suitable holiday fare, you can always trek across town to the Shubert Theatre where Tony Randall and Jack Klugman are back to the original after all those seasons on TV (yes, Virginia, it does seem that ex-



television stars are taking over the local boards). They'll star in a special engagement of Neil Simon's "The Odd Couple" Dec. 2 through Jan. 11.

Meanwhile, back at the Music Center, the Mark Taper Forum will be continuing its season with William Gillette's turn-of-the-century farce, "Too Much Johnson," and a new play by Michael Cristofer, "The Shadow Box," playing in rotating repertory through Dec. 21.

"The Shadow Box" is the only new play on the Taper's 1975-76 season, which is kind of a disappointment in that this is a non-commercial and heavily subsidized theatre that should be exploring new and innovative ideas. Cristofer, by the way, is also an actor who has appeared in a number of plays at the Taper, including his sensational performance as the glitter rock star in Sam Shepard's "The Tooth of Crime" several seasons back.

The Huntington Hartford has what sounds like a promising evening of fun musical comedy entertainment / history with Sammy Cahn recounting his 40 years as a lyricist of pop tunes in his one-man show "Words and Music," which received rave reviews in New York last year.

Out in Westwood, the new, attractive and comfortable Westwood Playhouse will also be offering a bit of nostalgia (you're not old enough if you remember the good old days as last night) with "Rodgers and Hart," a patchwork of songs from their musicals, playing through December.

There are also a lot of excellent small professional theatres of the off-off-Broadway type around the city, most of which should be in production over the holidays and usually offering something to satisfy any appetite.

—RON ENGLERT

san francisco:

The opening of the new ACT season at the Geary Theater with a revival of "Tiny Alice" was enlivened by stinging words from playwright Edward Albee, who had attended a preview the night before. "Inexcusable," shrilled Albee. "Valid and meaningful," countered William Ball, director of the current production. At press time Albee was contacting his agents to initiate legal action.

This flurry of tongue-lashing is a result of Ball's "interpretation" of Albee's enigmatic play. Directorial prerogative has included some rewriting (mostly in the third act). More significantly, many director's touches have given it stronger homosexual overtones than the script would justify, and there's a lot of flamboyant background music. The implicit has become explicit. And dramatic. And rattling good theater.

When "Tiny Alice" opened in New York 13 years ago, it was greeted with groans and yawns. Despite the presence of the prestigious John Gielgud, whose opinion of the play echoed the critic's confusion and indifference, it had only a short run. When produced by ACT in its opening season in San Francisco some four years later, it was a hit. Brilliantly staged and acted, with Mr. Gielgud's measured maturity replaced by a stunning and compelling young actor, it was a magnetic evening. The present production follows closely this revised conception.



Taken on its own terms, the current "Tiny Alice" is brilliant and compelling theater. The cast is impeccable, sets, costumes and staging are all of a piece for a first-rate production. I don't doubt that it will enjoy a very successful run and that Mr. Albee will accrue comfortable royalties from this production (as he has from few others).

But money isn't everything. Mr. Albee is concerned about the purity and clarity of his text. Mr. Ball is interested in exciting, boxoffice theater. The printed version of "Tiny Alice" is not very exciting; Albee delights in ambiguity and often gives us a lot of hokum, creating a momentary sensation of Significance. Still, in the immortal words of Tallu, "There's a lot less here than meets the eye."

Probably the best answer, after the fact, to this dilemma would have been for Ball to consult Albee about the changes to his script before the play opened, even asking Albee's cooperation in the rewrite. However, Albee has never been known for the modest dimensions of his ego. Reading such press puffs as Ball's own description of "Tiny Alice" as "Albee's masterpiece," Albee may believe that his play has attained the status of an immaculate masterwork. (Unlike the hack work done by Shakespeare, Shaw, et al, who are continually subject to cutting, editing and mod directing by contemporary interpreters.)


I think a playwright, or any creative artist, should have some say in revisions to his work. It's his baby, and a bad cutting or editing job can wreck his reputation. The only problem with this particular cause celebre is that, in its pristine form, Albee's play is something of a bore.

—D. J. COOMBS

books

Richard Hall's *THE BUTTER-SCOTCH PRINCE* (Pyramid, \$1.25, 159 pgs.) is a deliciously written, softly witty and intricately plotted gay murder mystery with a lot to say about some of the more plush New York closets.

Cordell McGreevy is a thirtyish school teacher who satisfies his sex urges quickly in the dark hallway of a hetero porno flic. He isn't ready to



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accept a lover into his life when Ellison Greer, almost his identical twin (except that Cord is vanilla and Ellison chocolate — or more butterscotch), shows up — and teaching in the same school.

They become inseparable friends, but Cord can't face a sex-love relationship and in the long run Ellison cannot live without it. When Ellison is murdered the police don't do much ("just another Nigger faggot — and we had for instance 49 murders to investigate in just five days last summer") so Cord, with no encouragement from his friends, begins blundering about trying to solve the mystery. Despite his ridiculous effort to trace down one particularly simple sex device, in a day when such things are sold openly in thousands of stores, the story builds a fine head of suspense and happily misled this reader as to culprit and motive.

The final scene seemed rather tacked-on but still the story's a delight.

. . .



BINDING WITH BRIARS, *Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church*, by Richard Ginder (Prentice-Hall, \$8.95, 251 pgs.) is a priest's liberal foray into the troubled waters of sex morality. Long a writer for *Our Sunday Visitor* and editor of *The Priest*, Ginder has broken away from the old condemnation and from casuistry, "that stingy, pettifogging science" concerned with weighing different sins, studying how "to give the least and still get by." A far cry from the tight Jesuit logic of Curran or McNeill — who reached similar conclusions, the book is folksy, often downright fuzzy in reaching generally admirable homelitic principles. Don't make the mistake of reading the chapter on "The Other Love" only, for an interest in homosexuality shows throughout the text. Despite tirades about the baleful Irish in-

fluence on church moralism, Ginder's thought owes more to the leprechauns than to patristics, as he approves sodomy and promiscuity for gays while frowning on gay marriage. He deplores centuries of moral speculation based less on scripture than on confirmed prejudice, old maxims and unquestioned tradition.

Highly recommended for Catholic gays and their parents.

. . .



Jane Stern's *TRUCKER, A Portrait of the last American Cowboy*, (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95 paperback, \$12.50 hardback, 165 pgs.) is a glowing account, with many photos and a scattering of song-lyrics, of life on the highways in those big rigs.

Attractive young Mrs. Stern spent three years studying the gypsy truckers with her husband doing photography. The result is striking, revealing, but hardly as erotic as many of our readers might hope. A husband and wife team aren't likely to inspire confidences about the homosexual aspects of life on the road, though the Sterns don't miss that entirely. Other reporters might have been more skeptical about some trucker's cover story about a wife he hasn't seen in months, but there are random references to what goes on at "the trucks" in New York, to drivers anxious to pose in the nude for just about anyone; to one driver who describes himself as very horny, adding proudly that another driver will do nicely "where there ain't no broads around," and to Roscoe and Doc, whose married life in their truck is described in some detail.

On the other hand there seems to be no thought that the minority of women drivers could ever be anything but hetero-oriented.

. . .

John Gilmore's *THE REAL JAMES DEAN* (Pyramid, \$1.50, 160

pgs.) is the latest and not likely the last of several accounts of the dynamic young actor whose three films and flaming death at the peak of the fifties made him, for young and old, a symbol of the new dissatisfaction and uncertainty of youth. The front-cover subtitle — "as he actually was — a lover of men as well as women" promises far more than the book delivers, but despite some poor writing, it's still worth adding to the other accounts.

. . .

To my surprise I enjoyed *10 1/2*, the outrageously candid autobiography of the brashest, cockiest star of X-rated films, by Marc Stevens (Zebra, \$1.75, 288 pgs.). It seems a most ridiculous book to publish without photos (except for the betowelled cover shots) but Stevens writes with facility and humor about his experiences with partners of both genders — mostly in front of camera. Not a jack-off book, but good, light reading.

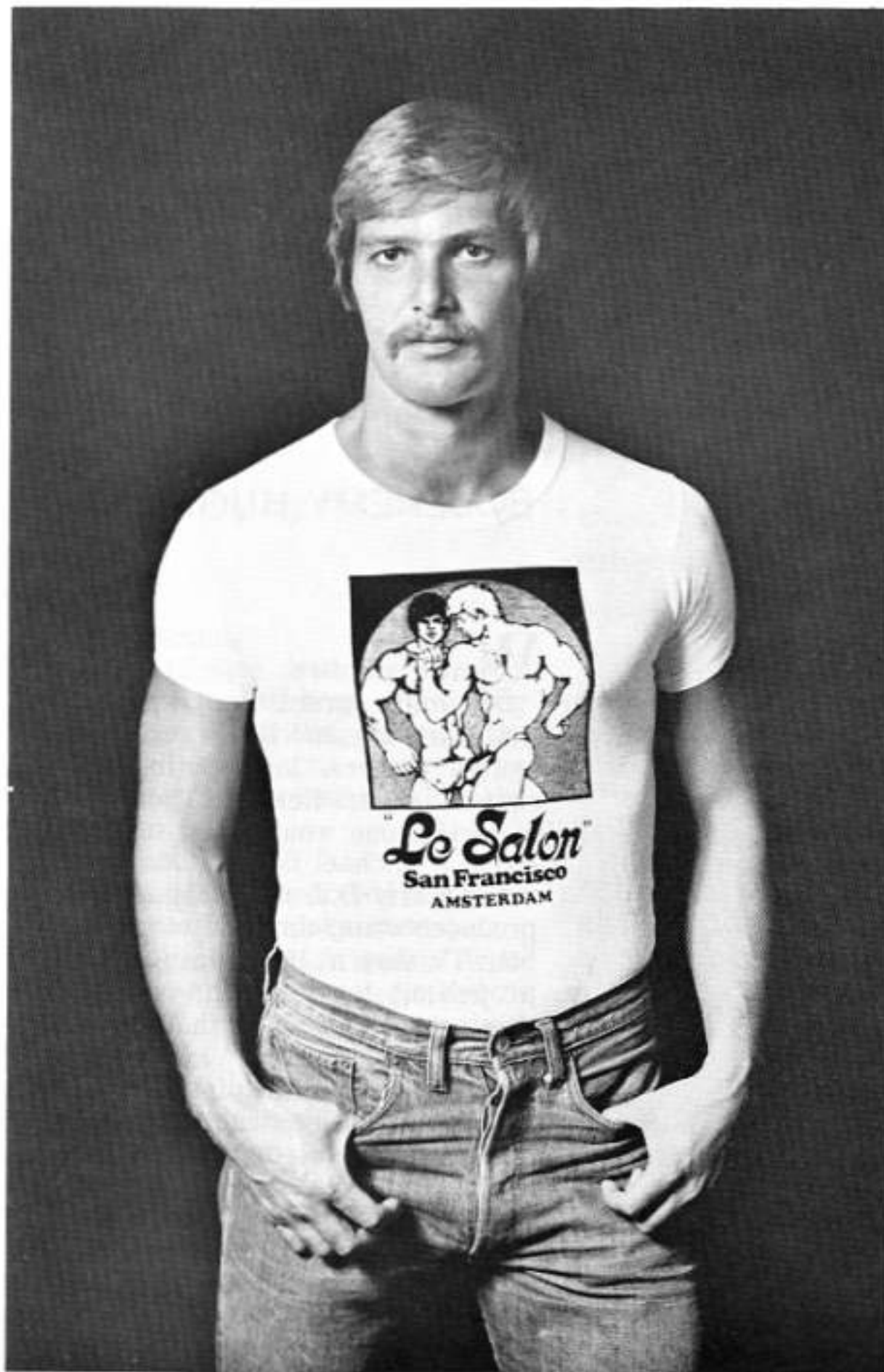
. . .



New York psychologist C. A. Tripp's *THE HOMOSEXUAL MATRIX*, (McGraw-Hill, \$10, 314 pgs.) is a real ice-breaker in the 80-year parade of weighty scientific tomes on homosexuality (from Havelock Ellis' durable masterwork through the several volumes from the Kinsey people and, by contrast, Albert Ellis' yaw-yawning, Bergler's paranoid ravings, the statistical chicanery of Bieber and Socarides' elite venom.)

With tightly reasoned lucidity, he explodes the old shibboleths and treats the tired old questions with fresh sophistication and insight. I hate trying to polish off so complex a work in brief space. Every page raises issues which call for extended comment. His matter-of-fact ability to see beneath surfaces which have

(Please Turn To Page 64)



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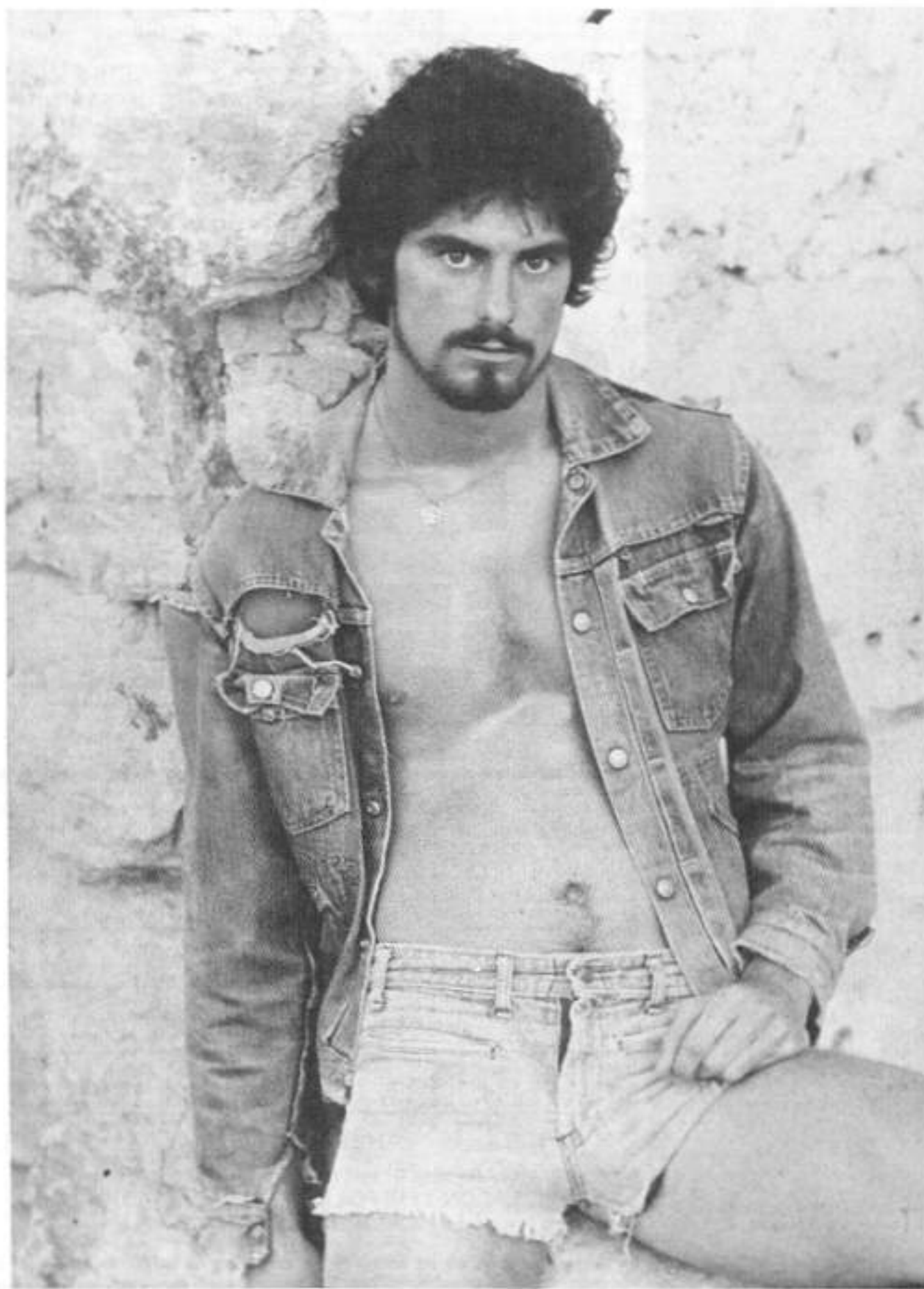
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THE CONTRADICTORY MICHAEL BARRINGTON

By JEREMY HUGHES

Water.
ater and fire.

Or, more precisely, Homer's wine-dark sea and Roc's recently-ignited embers. Incompatible, of course. Contradictory. The raw materials one would need to construct a Michael Barrington.

Top Forty D.J. in Chicago at 16, producer-writer-director of a half hour TV show at 18, lead singer and propelling force behind up-and-coming rock band South Holland, now, at 20.

Incongruous, disarming dimples in a face artfully structured to be daimonic. The deepest, most penetrating eyes since Dante. Tall. Slender. Gawd of the small boy ever-lurking in that man's body.

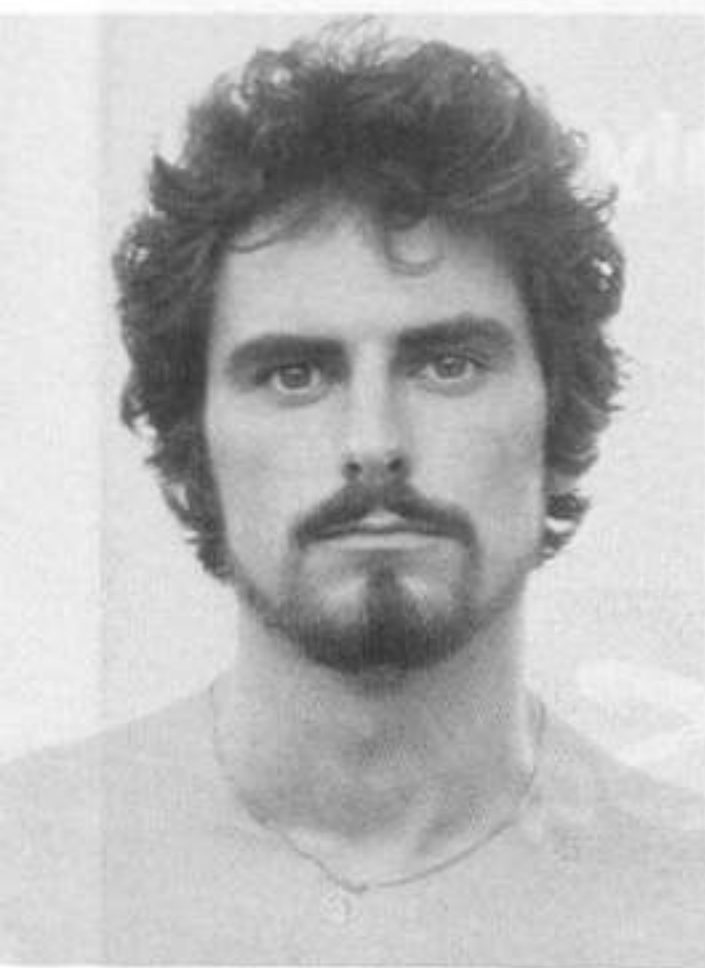
Contradictions, contradictions.

Born and bred a sunchild on the Pacific's Long Beach, he worships the moon, is an ardent "night person." A lover of people, reveling in "relationships," his most perfect hours, curiously, would be spent "in solitude, with a six-pak and a pencil and paper."

He first avers "I prefer to be called 'Michael,'" but, everytime he later calls: "This is 'Mike'." Literally a genius (IQ authenticated at 156), he evades the intellectual. Perched panther-like on the sofa, he suddenly realizes he has misplaced his glasses again.

Intensely physical. Athletic.

"I can play most sports." High school track star. Great at volleyball. "I loved baseball. I pitched for a 'local talent team' back in Illinois. I never could get down a curve ball, but I had a slider that would kill you. I don't throw any curves. Just fast balls." A burst of laughter. "I'm a very sen-



TIONS OF BARRINGTON

Photography by HY CHASE

sitive person."

The ultimate dream is to be a film director. "I know it's a long road, but I'm willing to walk the whole length and experience everybody and everything along the way."

He will.

And all those everybodys will be the better for the experience.

A southpaw Sagittarius, with Scorpio rising, he is dedicated to keeping that long, lean body in good shape, but smokes (Benson & Hedges) and drinks (vodka on the rocks). A function of loving self, without being in love with self.

"Overwhelmed" with the material things in life by a now-alienated father who is "a bigwig, an international person with Atlantic Richfield," Michael Barrington longs to be "a self-made man." Claiming at one point "I don't let myself get hurt," he declares later "I delve very passionately into relationships, letting them make love to me and I make love to them, and then I can be hurt very easily by them as a consequence."

He says "I love Hollywood. I love this area!" Then, after half an hour or so: "This is a jungle. Hollywood is a jungle. It's full of plastic people. So many people get hurt. They get calloused. Hollywood has a tendency to do that to people."

Irish and French. Parochial schools, altar boy, a flirtation with the priesthood, obsessed with "the mystery of life." Now an agnostic. "I was 14 when I rejected Catholicism, and had a lot of guilt feelings. For me, it was based on guilt. Conditional love. Too compromising. Love for me is a very free-giving thing." ○





ELTON JOHN

Text and Photos by
DAGMAR

He is rather short, a bit on the chubby side and extremely shortsighted. Not quite the image of a sex symbol of the '70s, and yet — his fan mail arrives by the pounds from male and female admirers alike, his concerts are always sold out a few hours after the tickets go on sale and his records are certified gold, before they even hit the displays at the record stores.

Who is this phenomenon? This eccentric millionaire, who dresses outrageously — even for present day standards — collects teddy bears and can play piano while doing a handstand on same . . . ?

Elton John smiles when asked about his road to fame and fortune. It was not really a road, more the path of a skyrocket. And all the clichés of "over-night success" are applicable here.

It all started some 20-odd years ago, when Elton had his first piano lesson at the tender age of 5. Classical piano, of course. Looking at one of his photographs of that time, he reminds one more of a midget bank director, than a little boy on his way to stardom. He looks terribly serious, in a dark suit with tie and unattractive glasses on a little round face.

"I was an ugly fellow then" he says, "but I like this picture anyway, it reminds me of my childhood and my strict upbringing, which, psychologically speaking, were directly responsible for me becoming what I am today. I fought my own private rebellion and it seems I won!"

"I was, and am so 'blind' that I can hardly see beyond the first few rows in a concert hall. So I had to accept the fact that glasses would be a permanent fixture on my face. My first special pair was designed in California. Now I have the biggest eyeglass collection in the world. I can't even say how many I have presently, a





couple of thousand for sure. And people constantly send me new designs as gifts. (As a matter of fact, he is the only person on the face of the earth, holding a special award for making eyeglasses glamorous, given to him by the Union of Opticians.)

Not only his glasses are spectacular, Elton probably has the biggest, craziest and most colourful assortment of outfits any one star could accumulate, ever!

"You can imagine that I went wild, when I realized I was no longer forced to wear somber clothing dictated by my parents. I guess they thought that's the way a boy pianist should look!" He rolls his eyes in mock despair, playing with the fringes of a soft-leather suit, painted and embroidered all over. His boots are custom-made and cleverly add a few precious inches to his height. "My height, or non-height, used to bother me," he confesses, "but not any more." It's easy for a giant like him to look down upon simply tall people

When I first saw Elton play, in November 1969, at the now-defunct Fillmore East, his sense of decorum and at the same time humour struck me. His virtuosity and uniqueness struck everybody in the audience, though nobody had heard of him before this very first appearance in America. Then, it was still possible to hear somebody ask, "Elton Who?" Unthinkable today!

When he came to London in 1968 to look for a job, he met, quite by accident, Bernie Taupin, also looking for a job. They recognized each other's talents immediately, liked each other on sight and have been friends and working together ever since. Bernie is responsible for all of Elton John's lyrics; Elton composes all the music for Bernie's poems. Sometimes they work on an idea simultaneously, sometimes Bernie presents Elton with a complete new set of lyrics and Elton reads them to get the right inspiration for the musical half of the song.

For a while so many Elton John records were put out that his managers suddenly realized that the very method they had chosen to make him famous could prove fatal to him. Overexposure can be deadly. But today, about three years later, there is nothing that could harm him. He has become a fixed star on the world's musical firmament. ○



The star, surrounded by a galaxy of memorable screen performances: (Upper left) "The Razor's Edge," with (from left) Herbert Marshall, Miss Baxter, Gene Tierny, John Payne, Clifton Webb, Lucille Watson; (Upper right) "All About Eve" with (from left) Hugh Marlowe, Miss Baxter, Gary Merrill, Bette Davis; (Above) "Carnival Story," with Lyle Bettger; (Below left) "The Ten Commandments," with Yul Brynner and Charlton Heston; and (Below right) "Season of Passion," with Ernest Borgnine.



ALLAN LEOPOLD

all about ANNE BAXTER

Anne Baxter opened the door of her dressing room in the Huntington Hartford Theatre where she was playing in "Noel Coward In Two Keys" and breathlessly said in that famous low contralto of hers:

"I can only give you fifteen minutes, Mr. Leopold. I have an evening performance to do and I must get my rest."

Her eyes were still shadowed in the dark green make-up she wears on-stage and she looked a little like a petite dragon lady about to breathe fire on the Press. She is used to being interviewed and she has had a long and remarkable career as an actress that began at the age of thirteen.

"I did a Broadway mystery play by Martin Berkley and Marie Balmer called 'Seen and Not Heard.' I was Elizabeth Winthrop, one of three children. Arthur Sircom was the director. Shortly after that I came out to the West Coast to make tests for Selznick and his picture, 'Rebecca.' I was just too young. I was very unsophisticated, very round-faced. I did eight tests with Sir Laurence Olivier (who, of course, hadn't been knighted then)."

"Was the mystery play the last thing you did in New York before your trip here?"

"No, I did 'Madame Kapet' with Eva LeGallienne."

"What year was that?"

"About 1938, I think." And then Anne's eyes flashed mockingly. "If you want to know how old I am I was born May 7, 1923. I'm fifty-two."

"Do you come from a theatrical family?"

"Not at all. No sisters, no brothers. No . . . I was it. I wanted to be an actress ever since I can remember."

"Who taught you?"

"I studied with Mary Fisher who was with the Theodora Irvine School of the Drama. I did scenes from 'The Children's Hour' and 'The Wild Duck.' Arthur Sircom saw me and called me to read for him, as I had no agent. And that was that. I began my professional career. During that first production Madame Maria Ouspenskaya came backstage and asked me if I wanted to continue my studies with her. And I did."

"She was a magnificent actress! You were very lucky."

"Perhaps. But she was a little cruel as a teacher."

"So you weren't right for David O. Selznick?"

"No. But I landed a contract at Fox anyway which, ultimately, lasted fourteen years. Strangely

enough, my first picture was not with them. I was under age and could only work four hours at a stretch so they loaned me to M-G-M and I was a little prairie flower opposite Wallace Beery in a picture called 'Twenty Mule Team.'"

"What was your first picture with Fox?"

"I think 'The Great Profile' with John Barrymore."

"I fell head over heels in love with you when you did 'Sunday Dinner For a Soldier' with Ty Power. You were marvelous."

"Thank you. But I did that with John Hodiak, not Ty Power."

"I thought you were lovely in 'The Magnificent Ambersons.'"

"That was a very fine movie. It holds up better than 'Citizen Kane.'"

"I thoroughly admired your work in 'The Razor's Edge' and that was with Ty Power. It has generally been conceded that your favorite role was Eve Harrington in 'All About Eve.' Is this true?"

Anne hesitated.

"Not necessarily. I will admit that 'Eve' was the best picture I have ever made but I liked many other parts."

"Did you draw upon your own experience in the creation of this role?"

(Please Turn To Page 65)



Photo by Charlie Airwaves

TOM DeSIMONE

Hollywood's modern movie mogul

By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

"Hollywood is not the glitter of false tinsel. When you peel away the false tinsel, there is real tinsel underneath."

Fred Allen

Filmmaker Tom DeSimone settled comfortably into a chair in his Hollywood office. The room is decorated to accommodate a modern movie mogul which, in every sense, Tom DeSimone is. The office looks much the way Sam Goldwyn's must have looked, or Darryl Zanuck's — except, of course, it's smaller; and the pictures which line the walls aren't of willowy startlets, but of hunky, handsome young men in various states of

undress and excitement.

Although he looked tanned, fit and successful as he settled in, DeSimone was a man with a complaint; several, in fact.

"People expect porno filmmakers to be fat, bald, old men with big cigars," he said, smiling the faintly rueful smile of the frequently misunderstood.

"They're always mildly shocked when I turn out to be normal."

Normalcy, of course, is relative. The producer of *"Dust to Dust,"* *"Confessions of a Male Groupie,"* and *"Erotikus"* is unlikely to be elected Man of the Year by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

On the other hand, it isn't difficult to see the personable DeSimone as he sees himself: as a professional film-

maker who only coincidentally makes male films featuring explicit sex.

Even *Daily Variety*, Hollywood's prestigious trade paper, concedes that *"Catching Up"* — DeSimone's most recent release — demonstrates "assured, professional competence."

Actually, that's not surprising. DeSimone holds an M.A. from UCLA and has produced more than 50 films — everything from the most dingy, 400 foot, backroom "loop" to semi-sociological features like *"One,"* a study of teenage masturbation.

And in his most recent film, DeSimone handles writing and directing chores as well. He is as close to being an "auteur" as it's possible to get without being Bergman or Jerry Lewis.

DeSimone's trademark is fully developed characterization. He likes to take the time to create people you can care about; so, when the time comes to hop into bed, you give a damn what happens to them.

"In most pornos they start sucking right away," he says. "You don't know who the people are and you don't care. I think that's cheating. I like to provide something more."

In *"Catching Up"* the extra ingredient is humor — satire mingles with the sex. The laughs, however, don't diminish the film's erotic appeal.

DeSimone concedes the porno business isn't famous for respecting the audience. He quite candidly says there are only three theaters in the country (the Adonis in New York, the Vista in L.A., and the Nob Hill in San Francisco) that care about what they are doing or about who they are do-

He is as close to being an "auteur" as it's possible to get without being Bergman or Jerry Lewis.

ing it to.

"The others don't give a damn," he says. "Their attitude is, 'Aw, hell, they're just beating off in there anyway.'"

"The audience picks up on it, of course, and sort of slinks in — eyes cast down, collar turned up — as though they were doing something wrong."

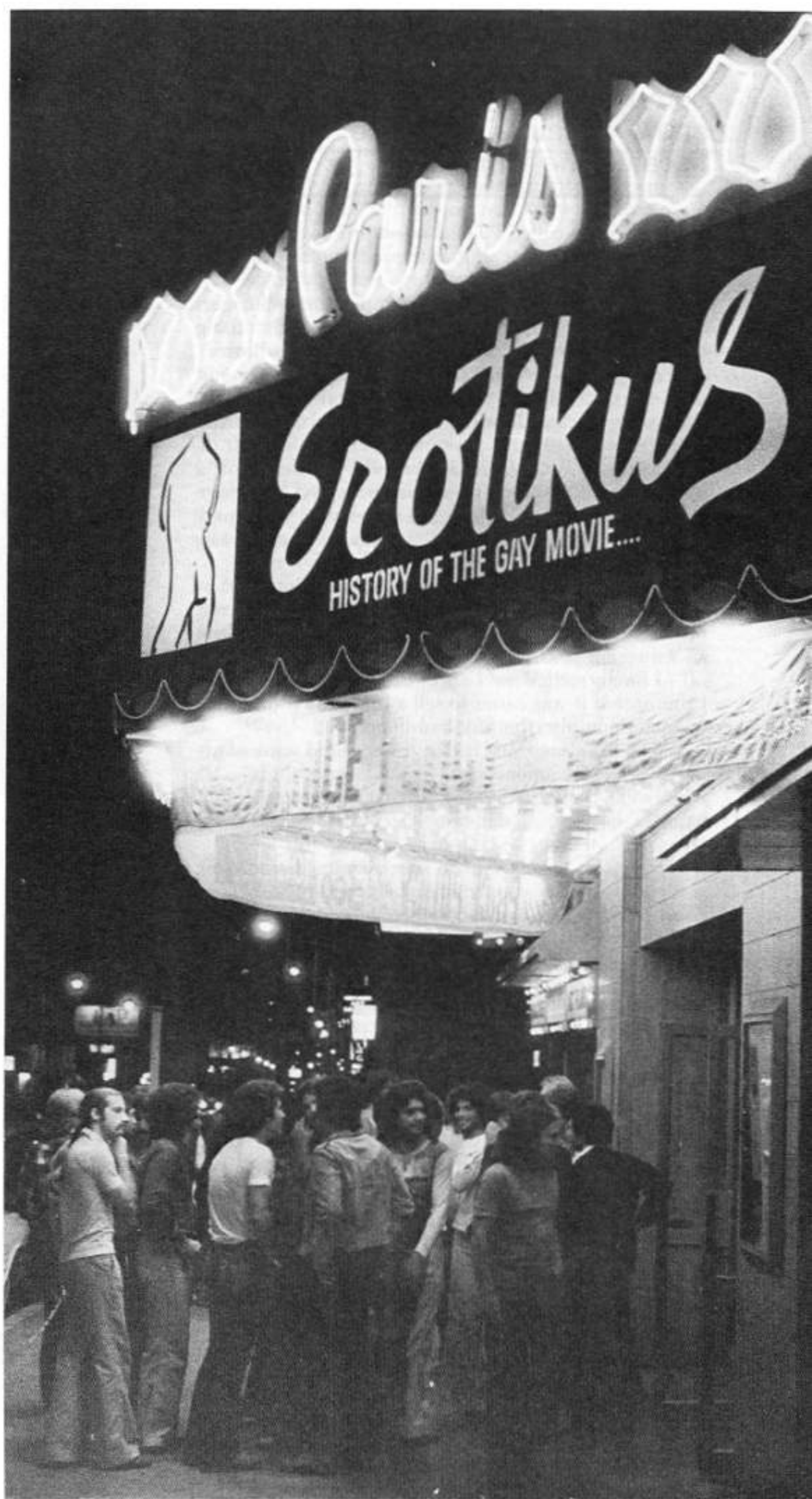
DeSimone reacts strongly to this self-perpetuating cycle of sleaze because he is one of those who brought the male hard action film from a position just above white slavery to one just below respectability.

"There is incredible acceptance now," he says, "largely due, I suppose, to the success of *"Deep Throat"* and *"Behind the Green Door."*

"But when I started in this business, in the late '60s, everybody was paranoid all the time."

"Actors were never told where the location was before hand. And when they were finally taken there, they weren't allowed to make telephone calls. It was kind of creepy."

"But it was necessary. People got busted all the time. My first film —



"Managers were always calling and complaining they had nothing to show because the Vice had confiscated the film."

an SM feature called "*The Collection*" — was busted twice while it was running at the old Avon Theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

"That was one of our biggest problems. Managers were always calling and complaining they had nothing to show because the Vice had confiscated the film."

Lately, however the porno film has become a cult phenomenon. The intellectuals have taken them up. They are discussed on late night talk shows. Ann Landers is preparing a position paper.

Ironically, success has created problems of a different kind. Pornos' are so chic these days that there is some dispute about who made the classics. Since most of the early films were made anonymously, credit is easy to claim.

Porno pioneers often selected names at random.

"We called ourselves anything that popped into our heads. I made some films as 'I. M. Horney' and others as 'Lancer Brooks.'

"I finally settled on 'Lancer Brooks' because the distributor said it was easier to sell a film if he could point to something else the guy had done."

"The irritating thing is that 'Lancer' did some of my best work," DeSimone says.

"Even though 'Lancer Brooks' is a ridiculous name," he says, "at least it's better than 'I. M. Horney'."

DeSimone, who seems to specialize in demolishing preconceptions, is also irritated by people who believe porno filmmakers live incredibly decadent lives, surrounded by beautiful, naked boys. He flatly denies it. But the graphic photographs which adorn the walls seem to contradict him.

Smiling slightly, DeSimone, when pressed, admits his work does require him OCCASIONALLY to be surrounded by a FEW naked boys. And SOME of them are beautiful. And one or two are as sexy as hell.

Pornos' are so chic these days that there is some dispute about who made the classics.

DeSimone (bottom right) always seems to have his camera trained on handsome faces and bodies as evidenced in "Station to Station" (upper left) with Tom Payne and curly-haired Steve Fox; the hunky bod from "Erotikus" (upper right); and Michael Stone (bottom left) who stars in the director's upcoming film, "The Idol."



Hand-in-Hand Films Photo





The type of sex I like is: Romantic.
Rough. Dirty. S&M. Other.

"Actually, the sex scenes are the most difficult part of the film. They're hard (no pun intended) because so many things can go wrong."

"One thing I've learned," he says, "is to keep the actors apart until the scene is ready to go."

"I had two actors once who couldn't keep away from each other. While I was directing a complicated dramatic scene they were in the bedroom doing everything to one another. When I was finally ready for them they were exhausted. They had cock ring on up to THERE and still nothing. I should have had the camera in the bedroom."

"Sex isn't really very filmic," DeSimone has discovered. "Something may feel good, but not be very attractive or interesting to look at. Much of the time, it's like open heart surgery."

However much DeSimone would like to see himself as just another businessman — and, obviously, there are parallels; there are, just as obviously, vast dissimilarities.

For instance, where does he find the actors for his numerous projects. Surely he doesn't run an ad in the *Los Angeles Times*.

"Well," he says, "for one thing we don't use many real actors. Actors worry about their 'image.' Particularly in a gay film."

"If you are up there on the screen sucking some guy's cock you are doing something more than acting."

Plenty of people, though, are eager to appear in DeSimone's minor epics.

"I go through the ads in *The Advocate* and call up the models. I ask them if they want to be in a film. Many of them say no. Others come in and fill out an application."

The application, to put it mildly, is frank, i.e. CIRCLE YOUR CHOICE: A.) Sexually I am: Aggressive. Passive. Either. B.) The type of sex I like is: Romantic. Rough. Dirty. S&M. Other. C.) I dig: Butch. Fems. Thin. Heavy. Hairy. Younger. Older. Blondes. Dark. Negro. Caucasian. Makes No Difference.

YES OR NO: Are you into: Bondage. Being Tied. Slapping. Being Slapped. Whipping. Being Whipped. Other.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Everything.

"In fact," DeSimone says, suddenly all business, "you can fill one of these out if you like."

"Ah, how sweet," I said, blushing becomingly.

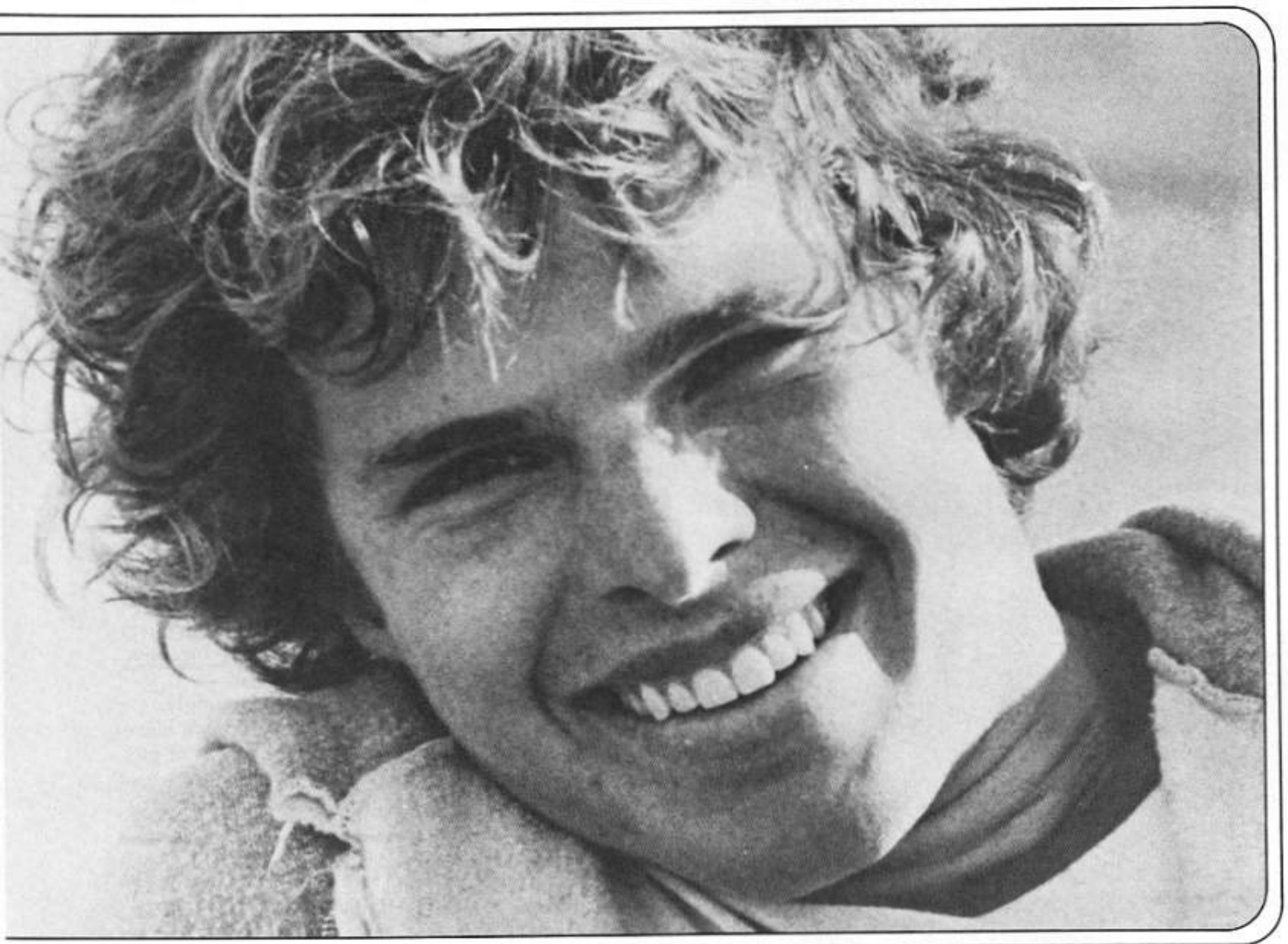
So, as the sun sets slowly over pornoland, we leave Tom DeSimone as he rummages through stacks of pictures and applications, mumbling gently that no one understands what a serious business he's in. ○

"People expect porno filmmakers to be fat, bald, old men with big cigars."

JOSEPH BOTTOMS

letting it all hang out

by jeremy hughes



Everything was against its being a successful interview.

THE TIME: Three-quarters of an hour sandwiched in a tension-tight timetable between final tech rehearsal and special press preview of "The Opening of a Door," a new Edward Chodorov "suspense drama" at the prestigiously chic Westwood Playhouse perched against the perimeter of UCLA.

THE PLACE: That anathema to all serious interviewers, a primitive dressing room beneath the stage, all raw pine and rickety thrift shop chairs, this particular one apparently providing the only john in the parish (actors constantly edging by, punctuating the interview with toilet flushes to augment erratic hammerings from above, shouts of technicians over the squawk box, and an occasional hysterical giggle).

AND THE BOY: Joseph Bottoms, a stunning 21-year-old in limbo between character and self at this moment in time, facing his professional stage debut in such seasoned company as Cathleen Nesbitt, Anna Lee, and John Myhers, about to let it all hang out for the first time before an audience of his "industry" peers.

Why, then, did things go so swimmingly?

Simply because Joe Bottoms delightfully happens to be a very together young man with remarkable powers of concentration. He has the knack of really listening to a question, discerning its essence, and providing an answer that is simultaneously spontaneous and thoughtful. The key to this easy assurance can probably be found in the warmth and stability of his family background, and Joe knows it:

"The high point in my life was coming into this family. It happened there in Santa Barbara, with those two people, those two 'teachers.' I look at my parents as teachers. I like to drop the classification of 'parent' about them, because they're two individuals. They accepted their responsibilities to take care of us kids, feed us, clothe us, do whatever they had to do. But now that's finished." (Joe's older brother Timothy is now 24, Sam is 20, and youngest brother Ben is 14.)

Joe and Sam and Ben still live in Santa Barbara with their parents, "in

a house which we built, pretty much outside the city. Tim's married, but lives right across the street. My brothers and I are working on a screenplay right now, to give people the chance to laugh at the lifestyle that calls for having two kids, living in Encino, buying a van, an electric toothbrush, an electric hair dryer, blower, an electric toilet that flushes, automatic. If the electricity went out, these people would be lost!

"I just bought a hundred acres, with a friend, up north of Santa Barbara. I'm planning to build an adobe home up there, powered by solar energy and wind generation. No electricity. I'm very physical and out-of-doors. I miss all that dearly while doing this play down here in L.A. All my 'water toys' are up there: wind surfers, surf boards, kayaks. I still consider that my home.

"Los Angeles is a terrible city to

"I don't know what I'd be doing if I wasn't acting. Maybe a forest ranger."

live in, as far as I'm concerned. There's a lot going on, and you can enjoy it. I'm meeting really great people down here, and I'm happy to be part of their life, but at the same time I'm anxious always to be gone, away from it. And it's sad for me that I'm involved in this 'business,' because Los Angeles is where I make my living. But I love the work I do, and I don't know that I could do anything else right now and be happy, really happy with it."

Joe has been at this "work" since junior high school, where he first got involved "doing the whole bit, acting, singing, and dancing" in musicals, rattling off a familiar liturgy: "Oliver!", "Half a Sixpence," "West Side Story," "Finian's Rainbow," "Guys and Dolls," etc. Then he got into straight plays and started thinking seriously about acting as a profession.

"I got involved in plays because it took me out of school — out of, like, math or English. If you were doing a play you got out of school the whole day, so it was great! Tim and I, we

just always skipped classes and stuff. Then it became sort of a lifestyle. I don't know what I'd be doing if I wasn't acting. Maybe a forest ranger."

The switch from schoolboy dramatics to starring on network television and in feature films was precipitated by "Pro-Am" shows at the Santa Barbara Performing Arts Center, initiated by Jack Nakano in the second half of the '60s. It started with "Life With Father," starring, from Hollywood, Lurene Tuttle and Leon Ames, and, from Santa Barbara, Joe and Sam and Ben Bottoms as three of the four Day boys.

Joe, especially, "got excited with this professional thing. Next year they did 'Member of the Wedding,' and Ben and Tim were in that, and Ben, who was only eight, carried the show as John Henry. And then there was 'Romeo and Juliet.' Tim played Romeo, I played Benvolio, Sam was Page to Mercutio, and Ben was Page to Tybalt. My father was also in that, I think."

It was the obverse of the coin known as "stage mothers and/or fathers": Mr. and Mrs. Bottoms had never been involved with stage or films before, "but," Joe explains, "because of our interest they got involved, selling tickets or working on costumes or sets or publicity — Dad was a commercial artist. And then we did 'Winesburg, Ohio.' Jeff Hayden directed it, and his wife, Eva Marie Saint, played the lead, and Jimmy Broderick was in that, and John Anderson, and Lou Gossett, and I played the boy. Sam and Ben were also in it."

About that time, older brother Tim started in film work. "Agents came to us and wanted to get us all involved. Tim was just out of high school, so of course he said 'fine, I'll go down to Hollywood and take a job.' The agent wanted me to come down, too, but I said 'give me another three years, I've gotta finish high school.' And that was a little bit of my parents' pressure, but also my own. It was a wise decision. It's a mistake to go down there when you're too young."

The first year Joe was "involved down here," 1971, he did a guest spot as a retarded boy on an "Owen Marshall," which was the springboard for a very busy career over the past four years. From it, he

was cast in a TV educational channel production of "Winesburg, Ohio," this time starring Jean Peters and Albert Salmi. Then came his first feature film, the fondly-remembered *The Dove*, in 1972. "There were some rough moments making that, because we were right up against the elements all the way, on location and not in a tank at some studio. It was difficult to get everything going right, the sun in the right position over the mast, and things like that.

"Next, Wolper Productions starred me in a movie for TV called 'Unwed Father,' with Kay Lenz, Joe Campanella, and Kim Hunter. My most recent job was a film in Austria with Omar Sharif and Karen Black, entitled *Ace Up My Sleeve*. That should be out very soon. I hear it's very good, but I haven't seen it. We were writing the script daily, having thrown out the original. So I'm curious to see what it turns out to be.

"I was playing a young boy bumming around Europe, skiing, who gets involved with these two peoples' money scam. They're trying to get black money moving. And their sexual behavior is odd, and I get wound up with them, and pretty soon I'm killed. For reasons no one knows. I hope it'll be a comedy, but it keeps fluctuating back and forth."

As he talks, his dark brown eyes are bright and intense, his hands move expressively, the sun-bleached auburn hair catches the bright lights surrounding the dressing room mirror, and the full, sensual lips smile easily around a mouthful of perfect teeth. He is like a loaf of warm bread, aromatic and fresh from the oven, lovingly kneaded and carefully shaped, natural and appealing.

We'd learned about Joseph Bottoms, actor: how about Joseph Bottoms, human being? "I'm really beginning to wonder why I came back to this planet, and why I've had such luck in this media (sic). Maybe it's because I have something to offer people. I get a wonderful feeling that I've sorta been sent back to help people. Like as if in all my other lives I've tried and tried and tried, but now maybe this is the time. Maybe this is my chance. Our chance — my brothers and I. It's just an idea that I have, but I could swear by it.

"I feel I can help people. There are a great deal of people in this world who, emotionally, are un-

stable, or maybe too stable, and never know what it's like to cry, or to really have a wonderful laugh. And I'd love to do a comedy to make those people laugh. Or I'd love to do a heavy drama to help some of those people cry about their own problems, which they don't have a chance to talk about or feel . . .

"That's what I feel my gift is in this business, as if someone said 'You will come back to this planet and you will do this. This is your job. And you'll be good at it. And it's gonna take some experience, but they'll give you experience. Just don't let them down.' And that's all I want to do. I don't want to let people down. I feel more and more as though I'm living this life not for myself so much, because I've lived past lives for myself, but I live this life for others.

"I don't really believe in this reincarnation stuff, or I can't really say that I do, but it's a nice way to speak about things. I just like to speak about it that way, rather than to say 'I was born on April 22, 1954, and here I'm 21' and that's all." He reflects a moment even more deeply. "It's kinda nice to feel you're padded with a lot of experiences."

But, lest we get the notion from this philosophizing that young Mr. Bottoms is excessively cerebral, give a listen to his response, after a long period of weighing, discarding, and choosing, to the question as to what is his favorite means of relaxation: "Flesh." It was said succinctly, and took further prodding to elicit details.

"Well, it's not particularly my favorite pastime, but it's something I'm very grateful is around: the other touch that's around. To use the name of your magazine, being 'In Touch' with someone is a wonderful thing. As I am now with someone. Things just keep getting more and more wonderful all the time. I noticed the other day that just holding this person's hand was incredibly satisfying." Asked how long he's known this "person," he answered "about a week or two."

"But it's like going home after a long time and seeing my brother Ben, and having the opportunity to lead him down the driveway by the hand, or by his shoulder, or taking his head in my hand and holding him. Or whoever. Whatever. Touching is

just a nice means of communication.

"But there are so many people in my life now that it's difficult to know who's touching you and for what reasons. It's hard. And you get classified as — you get an accusation thrown at you that isn't true. And it disturbs that person, and God! It starts from there! It becomes a really vicious circle!" These ambiguities were left unexplained and unchallenged.

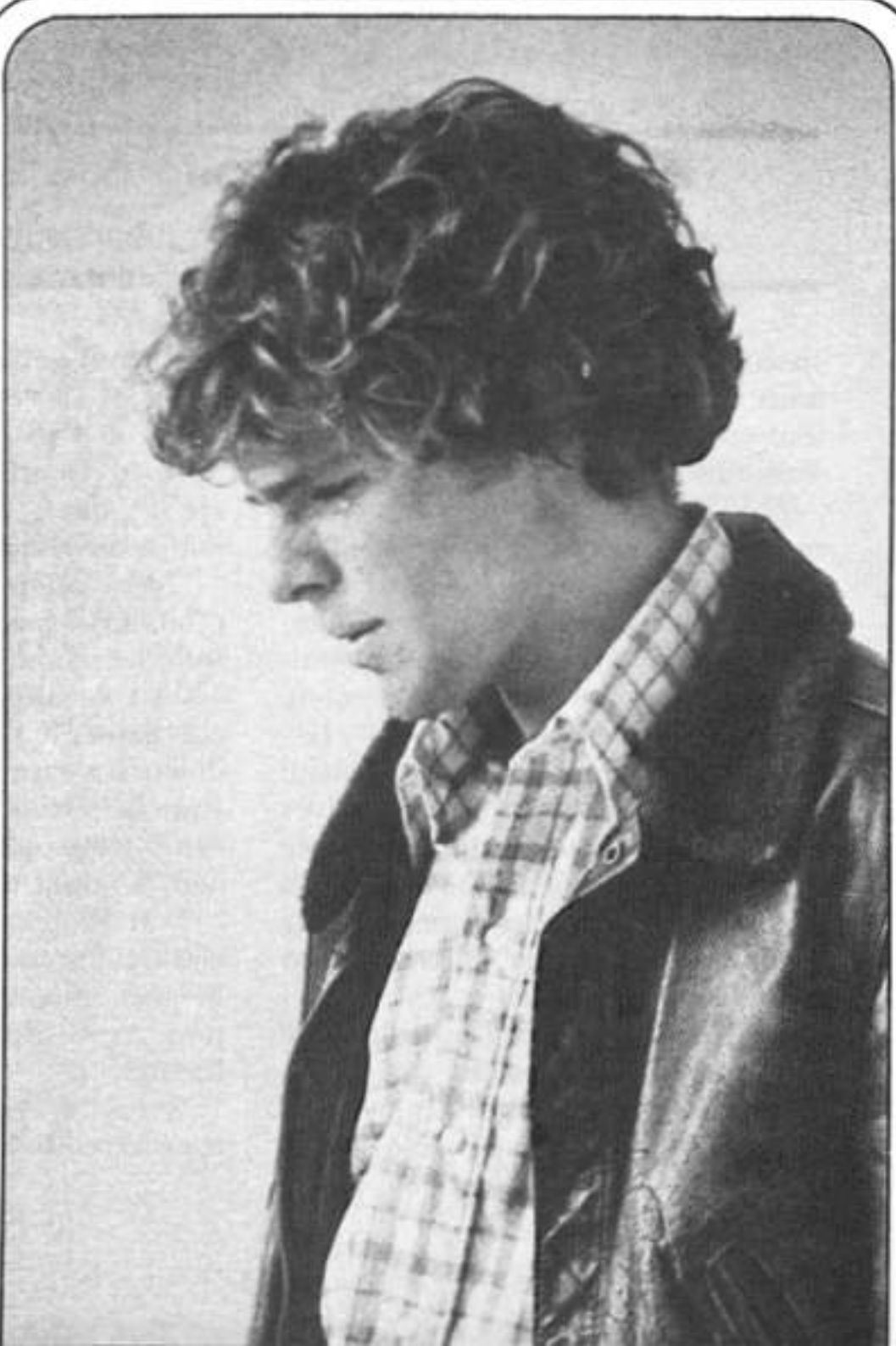
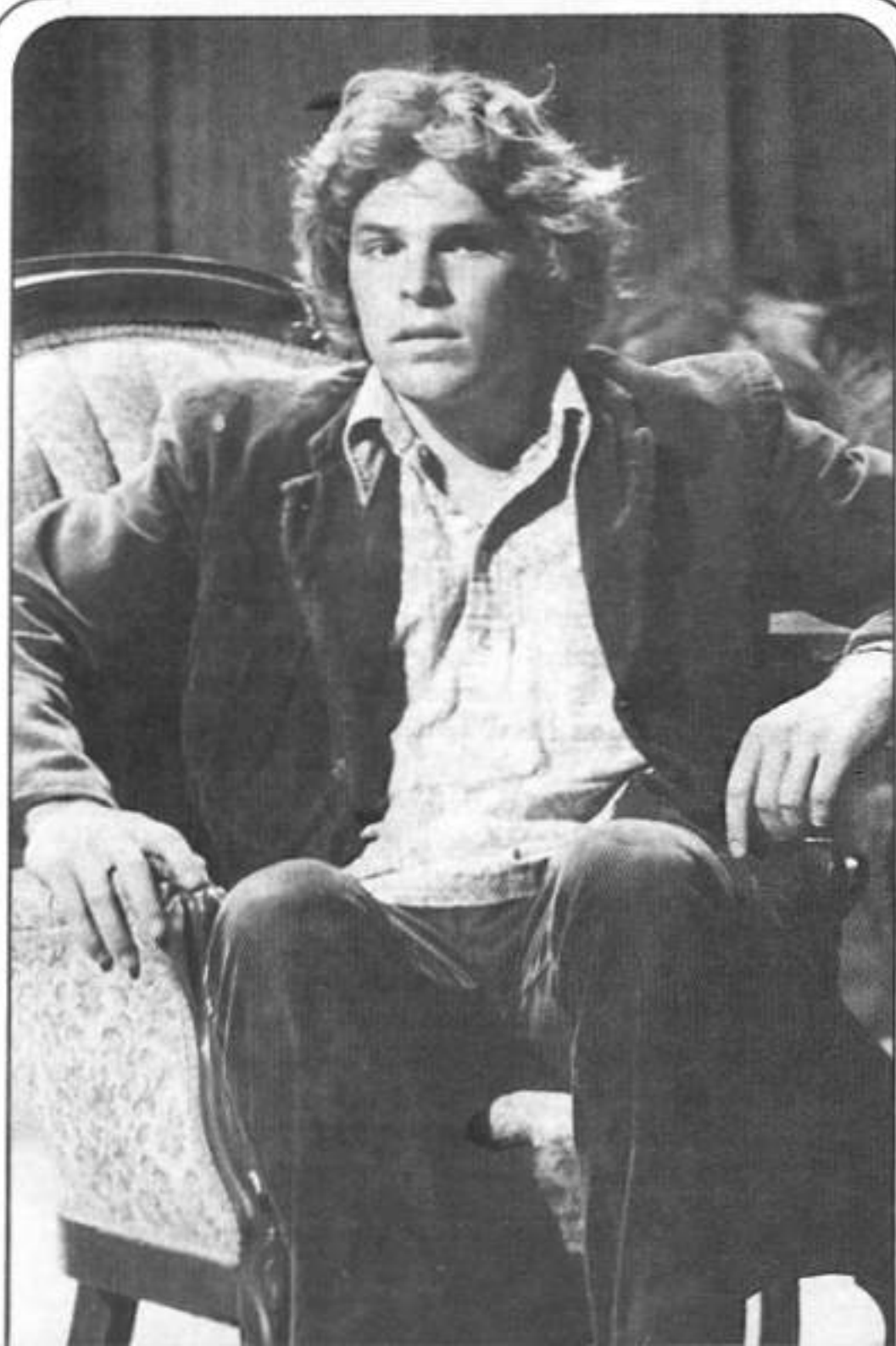
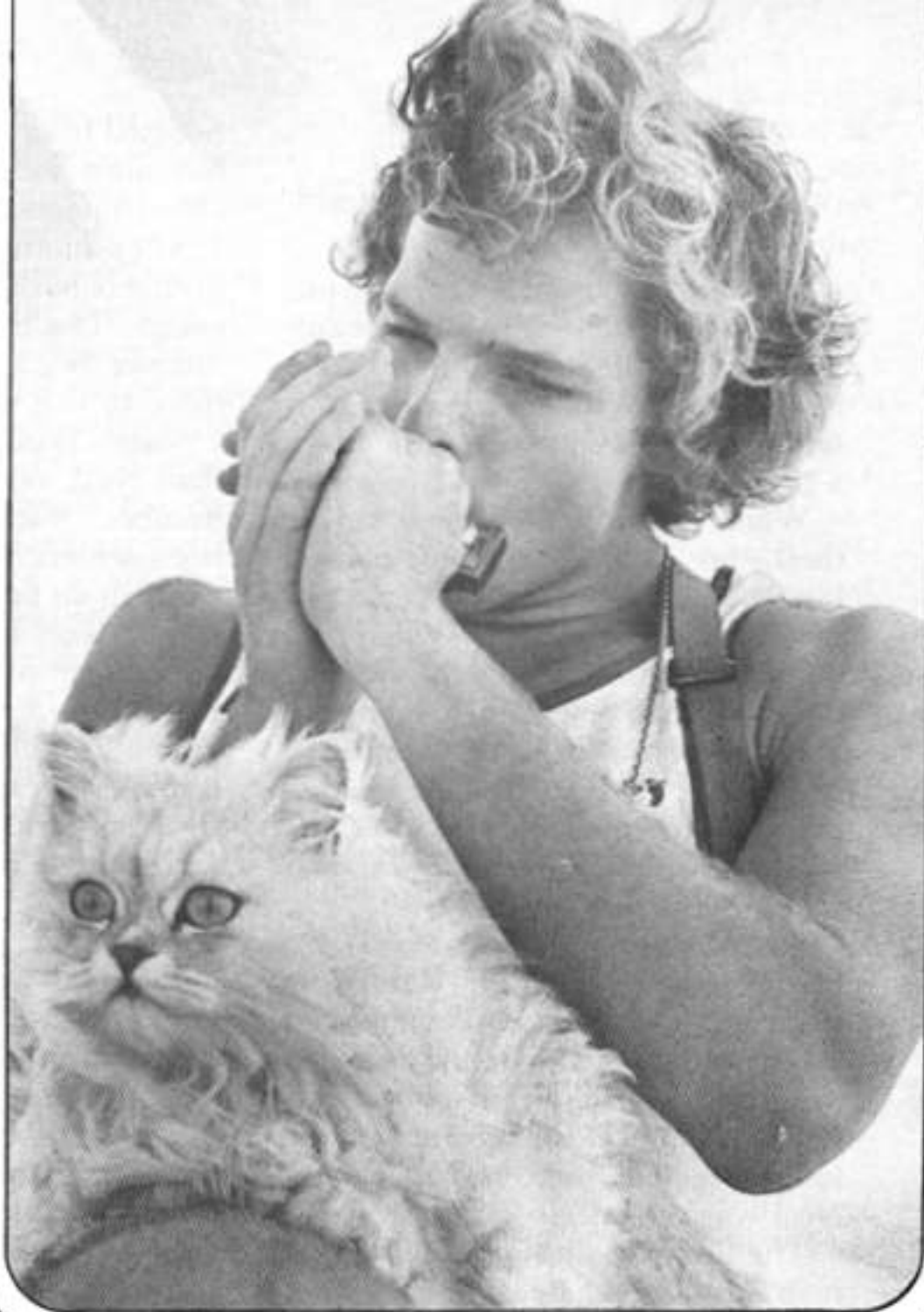
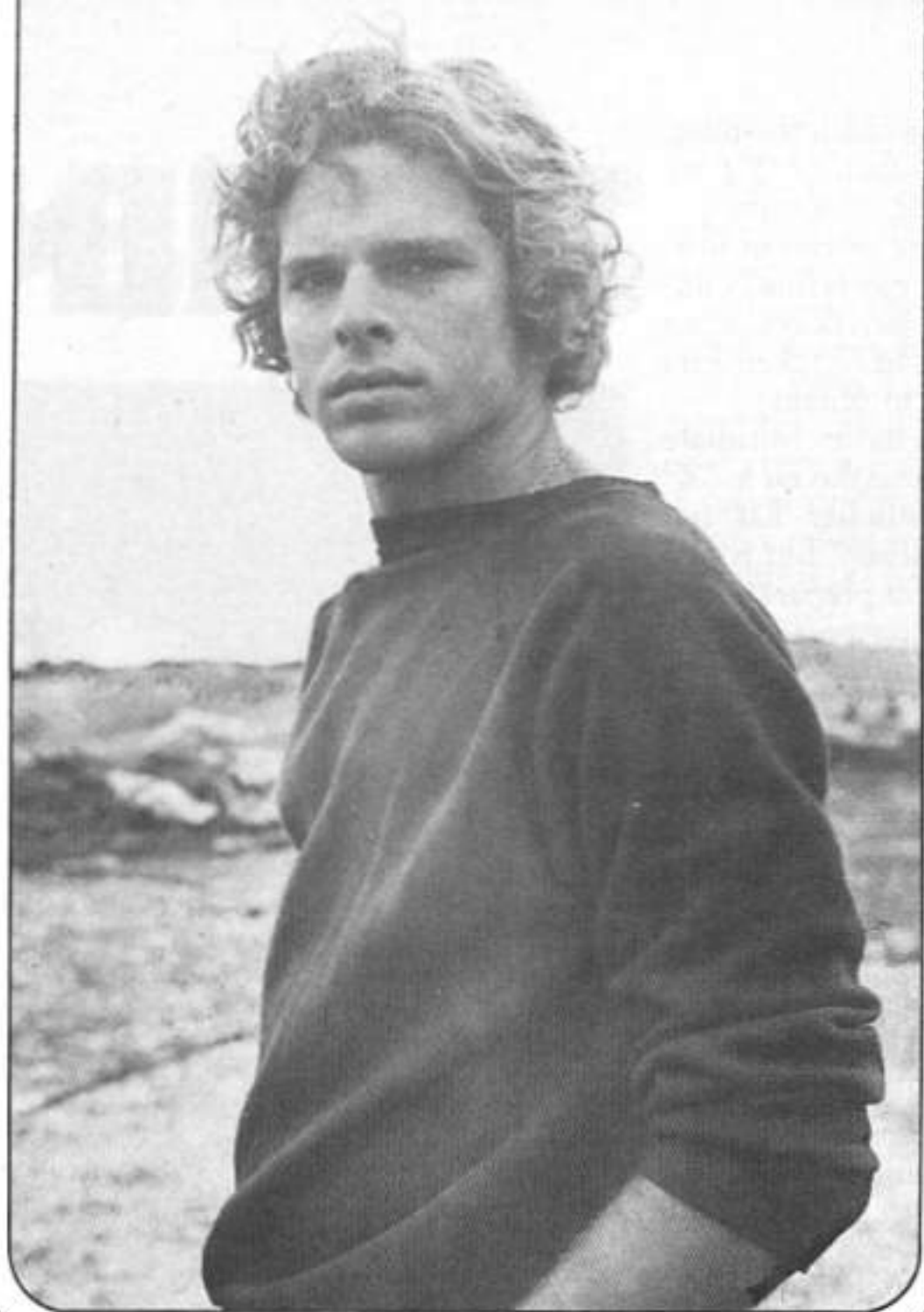
A few moments later, however, he volunteered that "I welcome anybody who comes along or leads me on. And I'm meeting those people all the time — where it just connects. It just clicks! I tell those people right on the spot 'You are good for my life.' And I tell them what I admire about them.

"For I want them to see me as more than an actor: as a friend, a lover, a force for good, an ambassador. I would like to show people that it's not the physical outlook that's important, it's what's inside. But so many people are drawn to the physical. An incredible amount of people in this world. We really are all basically trying to devote ourselves eternally, emotionally and in every way, to one another.

"It seems like the guy who stumbled upon the five senses, forgot a couple. If there were another sense to be, it would be to be able to listen. That a person would take the time to listen to another person, without putting up a barrier or a blockade. I know it's useless at times for me to speak out what I feel to certain individuals, because I know they don't listen, or won't listen, but only hear me vaguely."

Joe Bottoms had gone without supper to give *IN TOUCH* this interview, and the least I could do was to assure him that our readers, beyond the shadow of a doubt, would listen to his words most intently. □

Bottom's roles thus far (on opposite page) include Paramount's "The Dove" (upper left and right), in which he sailed alone 30,000 miles around the world in a 23-foot sloop with only a cat for company; (bottom left) as a strange young man in the Westwood Playhouse production of "The Opening of a Door"; and (bottom right) as an "Unwed Father" in the ABC-TV movie.



By
ROY L. MCCOLLOUGH

Robert Neal is in prison, but that's only the beginning of his problems. He is also gay. Maintaining a wisp of self-respect as a convict is difficult; as a gay convict it is almost impossible.

When Robert was arrested for car theft, his public defender assured him the District Attorney would not push for prison. "It's your first offense," he said, "and it was just bad luck that the car belonged to a judge! Prison is for violent criminals, not you!" Robert began making plans to continue college after the trial. "Expect probation," he was told.

Unfortunately for Bob, the D. A. discovered he was gay. Hardening his attitude, the D. A. demanded a prison sentence. The public defender made a passionate plea for consideration of Neal's clean record, but the judge seemed disinterested. Robert Neal was sentenced to prison.

The first step on the way to prison is transfer to a Reception Center. Here the staff studies each arrival, tests his mental and physical skills, tries to evaluate his potential for violence or escape, and selects a

released from his cage each morning, but must lock up again at 3 p.m. Other inmates lockup at 9 p.m.

After another week or two of low-profile behavior, the gay is finally uncaged. The narrow privileges other inmates begin with have taken him three to five weeks to obtain.

Some prisoners, more fortunate than Neal, reach Vacaville on a "Z" number. Such a prisoner has not been sentenced to prison, but is at a Corrections facility for preparation of a report on his behavior. The "Z" number must return to the local court for sentencing within 90 days.

The troubles of "Buttercup" illustrate the special problems faced by a gay prisoner on a "Z" number.

Anxious to make a telling favorable impression on his judge, Buttercup asked for a job. Cooperation and hard work, he thought, would earn him a favorable report for court. But no one would hire him.

The Sergeant's inmate clerk, assigned to help prisoners find jobs, understood the anger and frustration building in Buttercup and tried, but the guards refused to accept a "sissy" on their crews. Discouraged, the clerk stomped into the Sergeant's office.

"I'm quitting," he announced.

"How come, Joel?"

Male pinups are ripped down by the same staff that ignores female pinups.

specific institution for permanent housing of the prisoner. Neal was sent to the Reception Center in Vacaville.

California's Dept. of Corrections makes little attempt to conceal its distaste for those it terms "sissy, queer, queen, punk, homo, fag, pansy, or girl." The term "gay," common among the inmates, is rarely used by the custodial staff. They prefer the more colorful, biasful words. When an outfront gay arrives at Vacaville, he begins his prison life on lockup status. This means he will be housed in a cell within a specially caged area nicely labelled "behind the screen."

In two or three weeks, provided he doesn't make waves — both figuratively and literally — he achieves a sort of day-parole. He is

"I can't get anyone to give Buttercup a job. Sure he's gay. So what. He needs a work report when he goes back to Court. He wants to work! He's willing to mop floors, clean johns, anything!"

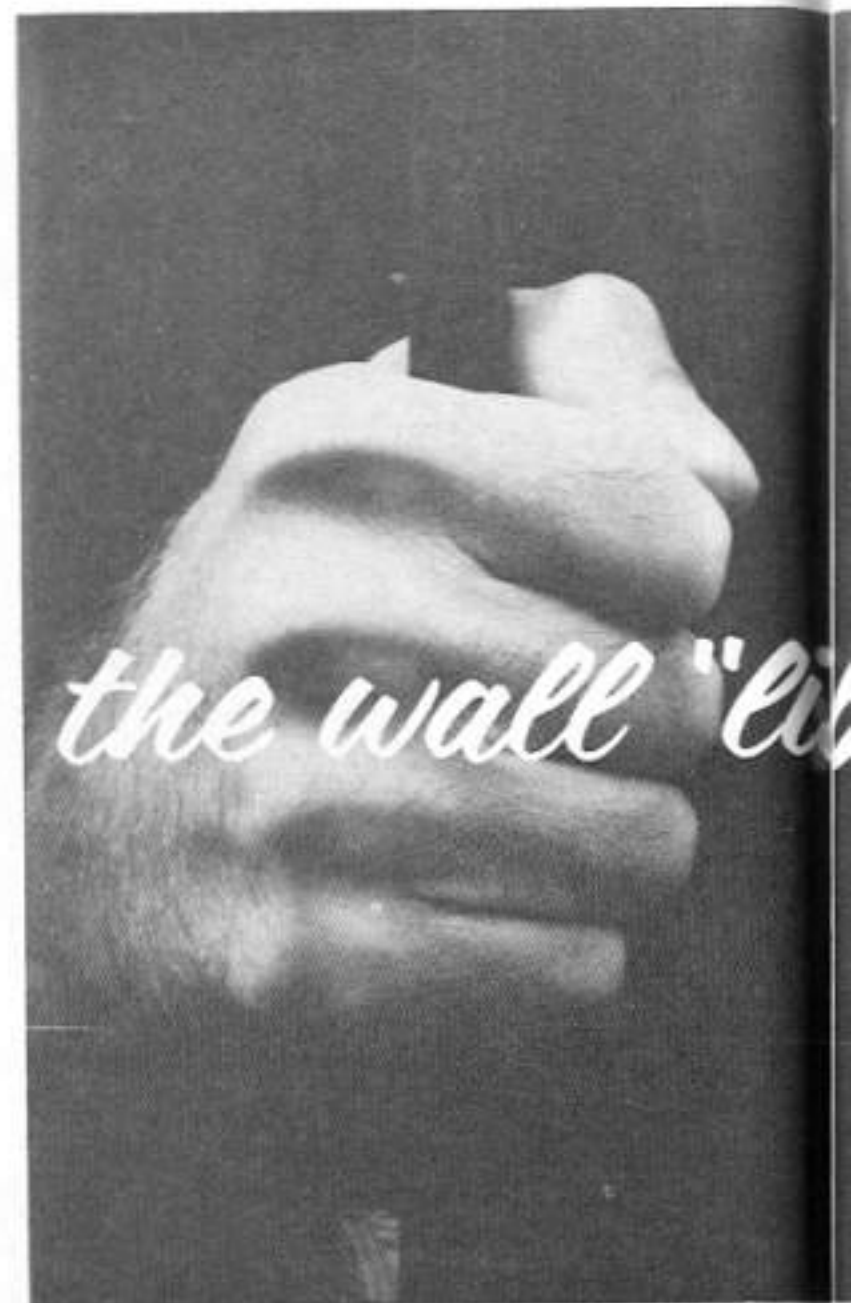
"We have to guard against problems, Joel. Buttercup is . . . well, he might start romancing . . ."

"Ah, come off it, Sarge! You're no zip damn fool! If he wants to get down, it's easier without a job. I need your help to get him a job. Hell, if I can't get people jobs when they need 'em, I might as well quit!"

Buttercup was lucky. With the clerk going to bat over the job issue, he was assigned to a corridor mopping crew. Most gays are not as fortunate.

By the time Robert Neal transferred to San Quentin, he reluc-

BEHIND



tantly decided to hide his sexual preferences. He had been propositioned by blustering strangers, threatened with rape by the iron pushers, and warned by other whites not to get chummy with browns or blacks. He had been hassled by guards about his clothes (button your shirt), his hair (cut it again, it's too long), his cell (you call this clean?), and his associations (don't talk to queers, it'll label YOU; don't talk to straights, it'll label THEM!).

The mood of gays in California prisons is joyless, much like the prospects of a turkey before Thanksgiving. This penal system places extreme emphasis on good behavior which means avoiding disciplinary write-ups. For the gay this creates two problems. First, in the stern anti-gay environment, many officers hesitate to write a favorable report on a homosexual. Second, a bull's decision to write-up a prisoner is often triggered by his own feelings

BARS



about the inmate. Consequently, an inmate's gayness, rather than his badness, determines his likelihood of receiving disciplinaries.

Well over half the write-ups issued are discretionary, hence, arbitrary. This is most evident when the report details an inmate's attitude (bad) or (lack of) respect. By far the largest proportion of disciplinaries are written on admitted homosexuals by officers who are grimly or humorously anti-gay.

Part of this fabric of discrimination may be ascribed to the visibility of gays; part to the fact that male guards feels endangered by the existence of inversion. Additionally, the prison rule forbidding sexual behavior does not distinguish between the natural sex response of a homosexual and the deliberate sexual intent of the straight prisoner.

When violations of this rule involve a homosexual and a "jocker," prison slang for the "straight" par-

ticipant, the jocker gets warned and counseled by the disciplinary officer while the gay's punishment ranges from five days isolation to many hours scrubbing johns or washing windows. The straight commits the greater breach since his participation is considered unnatural and perverse, yet the gay is more severely treated.

There are other overt evidences of sexual orientation bias in the grey-grim prison world. Gays transferring from one prison to another are routinely placed in segregation, they rarely obtain minimum custody, and they are subjected to many more shakedowns (searches) of their person and their cells than non-gays. There are no gay novels or magazines in the prison libraries. Subscriptions to periodicals such as *IN TOUCH*, or *Gay Sunshine* or *Viva* are frowned upon, and haircut regulations ignore styles popular with gays. Male pinups are ripped down by the same staff that ignores female pinups. Even more vengeful is the common practice of housing gay friends in separate wings so they rarely see each other.

Even the Adult Authority, the Board which sets parole dates, often requires gay inmates to meet special conditions before granting them parole. One inmate was told to

"You'll never get out if you don't take therapy." Fred heeded the warning. Many months later Fred graduated from his therapy group. He had accepted himself as a homosexual and had lifted his age-of-interest level to adults. "You won't get into trouble with the police when you're with adults."

At his parole hearing, Fred proudly told the members he was gay, and interested strictly in adults. He waited quietly for their approval. The silence s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d out. He began to worry. Finally they spoke. They berated him and called him a fool. "You plan to go out and engage in homosexual acts! That's illegal! Don't expect us to release you!"

Fred was barely able to walk from the hearing room. All his effort, his sincerity, his dreams of parole were smashed and ridiculed in four brief minutes. He felt at the bottom of a deep and slippery well of desperation with the ladder of hope seemingly offered in therapy gone. He felt beaten and numb.

The Board's official results were passed out nine days later. Fred Teese received a parole date.

Imagine, if you can, the anguish, the fear and helplessness he had suffered before the results were delivered. He even considered

He was beat up, burned with a cigarette, raped and terrorized.

change his hair style, another to walk like a man. The case of Fred Teese spotlights the abusive use of power by the Adult Authority.

Fred spent the first 32 years of his life in a tight, puritan cocoon he built himself. Safe, he believed, from his own sensuality, he drank a bit too much one Saturday and was picked up by the police. He had been caught having manual sex with a teenager in a movie.

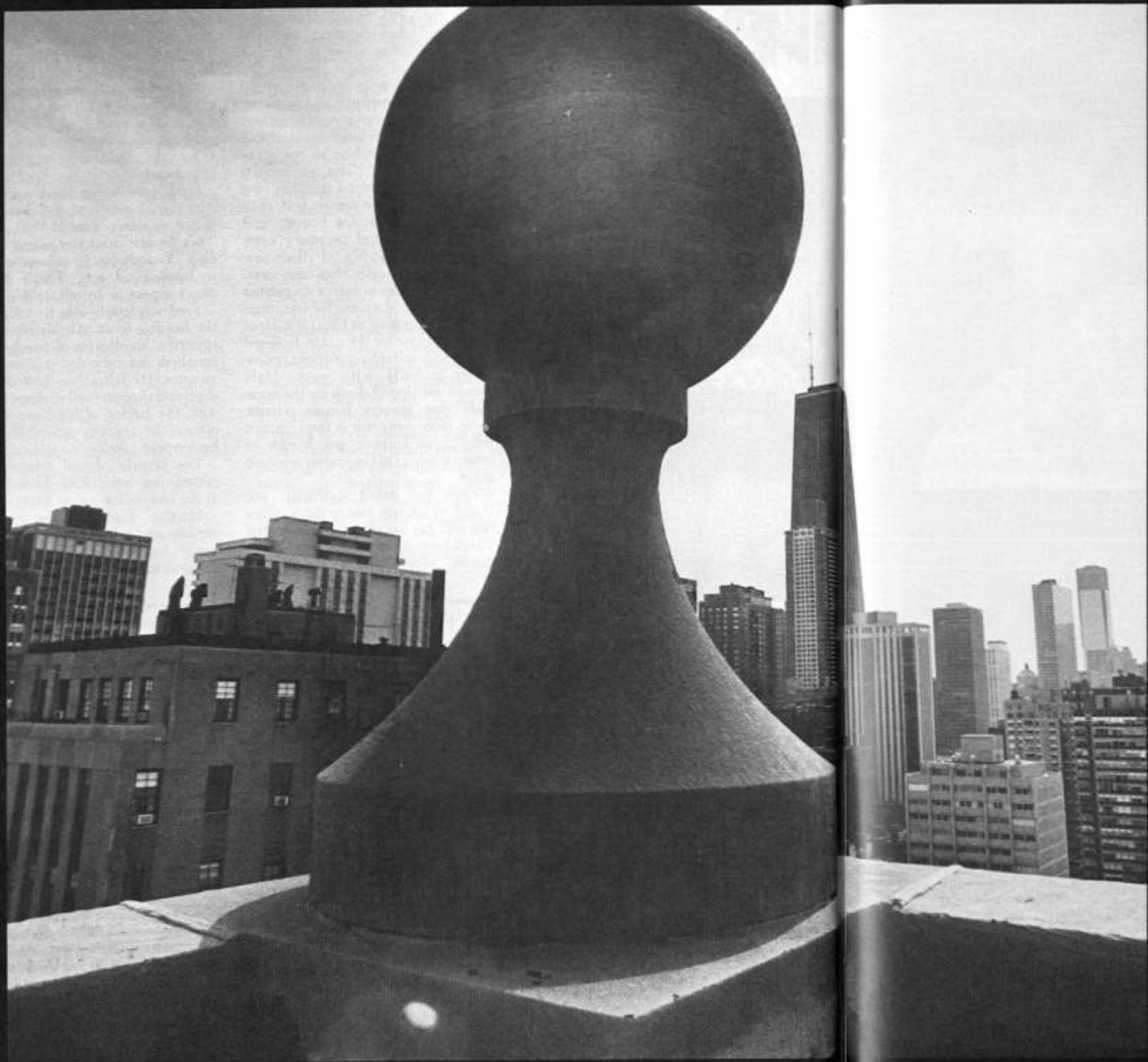
From his arrival in the county jail, Fred found himself on the bottom rung of prison society. He was beat up, burned with a cigarette, raped and terrorized. Physically, Fred was treated better in prison, but he was still an outcast in a reject society. Eventually he learned to cope with the inmates. The Board was a different matter.

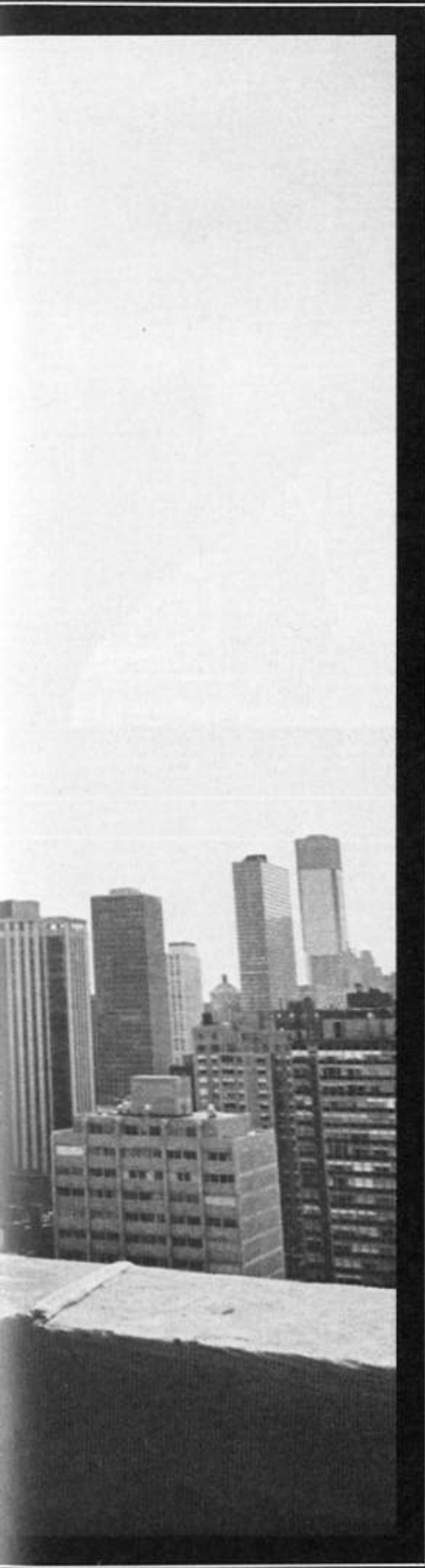
suicide. Was this a clerical accident? "No," Fred says, the Board lied to him because he is gay.

This year California Gov. Jerry Brown signed into law AB 489 which removes legal sanctions against sex acts between consenting adults. However, this same law specifically makes illegal such acts in prisons or jails whether consenting or not. Imprisoned gays are acutely aware that this law which increased the freedom of many, decreased their freedom. If they dare engage in sexual activity and are caught, they may become political prisoners in the truest sense of the word.

Most gays arrive in prison with little or no political awareness. They do not stay unaware. Subjected to ridicule, pressure, and bias inside,

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CHICAGO

the "hot" windy city

By ANDRE

In September those famous Chicago winds begin to cool one's enthusiasm for the delights of this city's outdoors. In fact, till March rolls around, winter seems an unlikely time to visit a windy city on a lake. Chicago's temperature, however, has always depended on the heat generated by its culture.

Since Chicago rose from the ashes in 1871, it has maintained quite a volatile reputation. Hot architecture, incendiary politics, and a downright on-fire symphony orchestra, keep this city furnace going.

Sir George Solti took over the podium of Chicago's symphony orchestra in 1969 and since then, this musical body has re-established itself as the premier international orchestra.

Across town on the river sits the Kemper Insurance Building, housing Chicago's Lyric Opera Company. Built by Samuel Insull, the structure is noted for being completed in 1929, just in time for the stock market crash. Some say it's the opera house depicted in the film "Citizen Kane."

Lyric first came to world wide attention with the American debut of Maria Callas as "Norma." The great soprano warmed up the winter nights and drew impresarios from all over the globe, all hoping to entice her into contracts. Here also she was dubbed the "Tigress" for her explosive legal entanglements. Lyric, the only skyscraper opera company in the world, launched its 21st season this year with a brand new production of Verdi's "Othello."

The success of the sumptuous sets for the "La Traviata" here, designed by Pier-Luigi Pizzi is being repeated with Pizzi's designs for "Othello."

If you'd rather generate your own heat, you're welcome to perspire

your heart out at any of Chicago's leading temples of tap. Bistro continues to set the avante-garde pace for Chicago's disco circuit. The mammoth multi-level bar near the Loop, now in its third year, remains mecca to the glitter set here.

If dancing en masse doesn't get you, and you have enough strength, cross over and down the street to Sunday's. Sunday's is always jammed with the young, the raunchy, the chemical set.

On the far north side, Man's Country baths packs them in with a continuous stream of top entertainers. Frannie, Michael Greer and Sally Rand are some of the headliners that have given this spa the attention of Chicago columnists. Man's Country offers a total environment experience with three full floors, snack bar, television room, boutique, night club . . . ah, yes, and a steam room.

Ablaze with excitement is the New Town area, close to the lake in Chicago's mid north side. The area is a potpourri of touristy stores, swinging bars, great ethnic restaurants. Of particular interest is Vittles, for good old-fashioned American food, Goirdanos for unusual Yugoslavian dishes, and Bratislavas for Czech fare.

But the event that easily sends out the most heat waves is The Chicago International Film Festival. Celebrating its 11th controversial season with the national sneak preview of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." (See film section this issue.) On hand for additional lustre were Jack Nicholson, Vanessa Redgrave and Gene Kelly and a host of international film notables. Another festival first was "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest," Nicholson's new film.

To give one an idea of the im-

Andre is the Chicago correspondent for IN TOUCH.

agination that has kept this festival fresh, one of the cocktail parties took place on a public elevated train. Film fest goers were also treated to "Fist Right of Freedom" (Germany) which dealt with a down-and-out carnival performer who wins a fortune, and then falls in love with a young man who tricks him out of the money.

Festival events that would charge any November, anywhere.

Burdened with the omnipresent image of Mayor Daley, and his political machine, Chicago liberals as you can see have withstood to create a place in the sun for the "progressive." But in all fairness it must be admitted that Midwest provinciality combined with "da mayur" has kept this town solvent and running.

This spirit has nurtured a renaissance in small theatre groups. The theatre season in Chicago is far from challenging Broadway or London's West End. Nevertheless, this sprouting up of small playhouses has a vitality equal to that of off-Broadway theatre. In the realm of satirical revue, Chicago's Second City stands equal with anything New York has to offer. The Second City Players has spawned such talents as Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Alan Arkin, Avery Schrieber and Bob Newhart.

Ranking also with the Hermitage and the Jeu De Paume is the Chicago Art Institute's collection of impressionist painters. The Institute is located on the famous "million dollar mile" Michigan Avenue, so named when a million dollars still meant something.

If all this culture and prestige reads like a Chamber of Commerce brochure, your next question might be "where's the action?" Well, it's here, along with vice, sin, and decadence. One can perceive the intrigue in Chicago's Loop with the naked eye, and so observing, even the most gullible tourist will soon find himself in the adjacent "near north side," where in turn any but the most introverted soul can be seduced by the pleasures of nearby "old town." Oh yes, Clark Street has not quite recovered from the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, and is alive, if not well.

After you boogie, steam, shop, dine, truck, slum, lust, and possibly get arrested, could you still find time to be chilly? □



Germany's "Fist Right of Freedom" was a homosexual-themed feature at festival. (Michael Ballhaus photo.)



The Picasso statue gra



Water tower & John Hancock bldg. (Kee T. Chang photo.)



Lyric Opera version of Verdi's "Otello"

(David H. Fishman photo.)



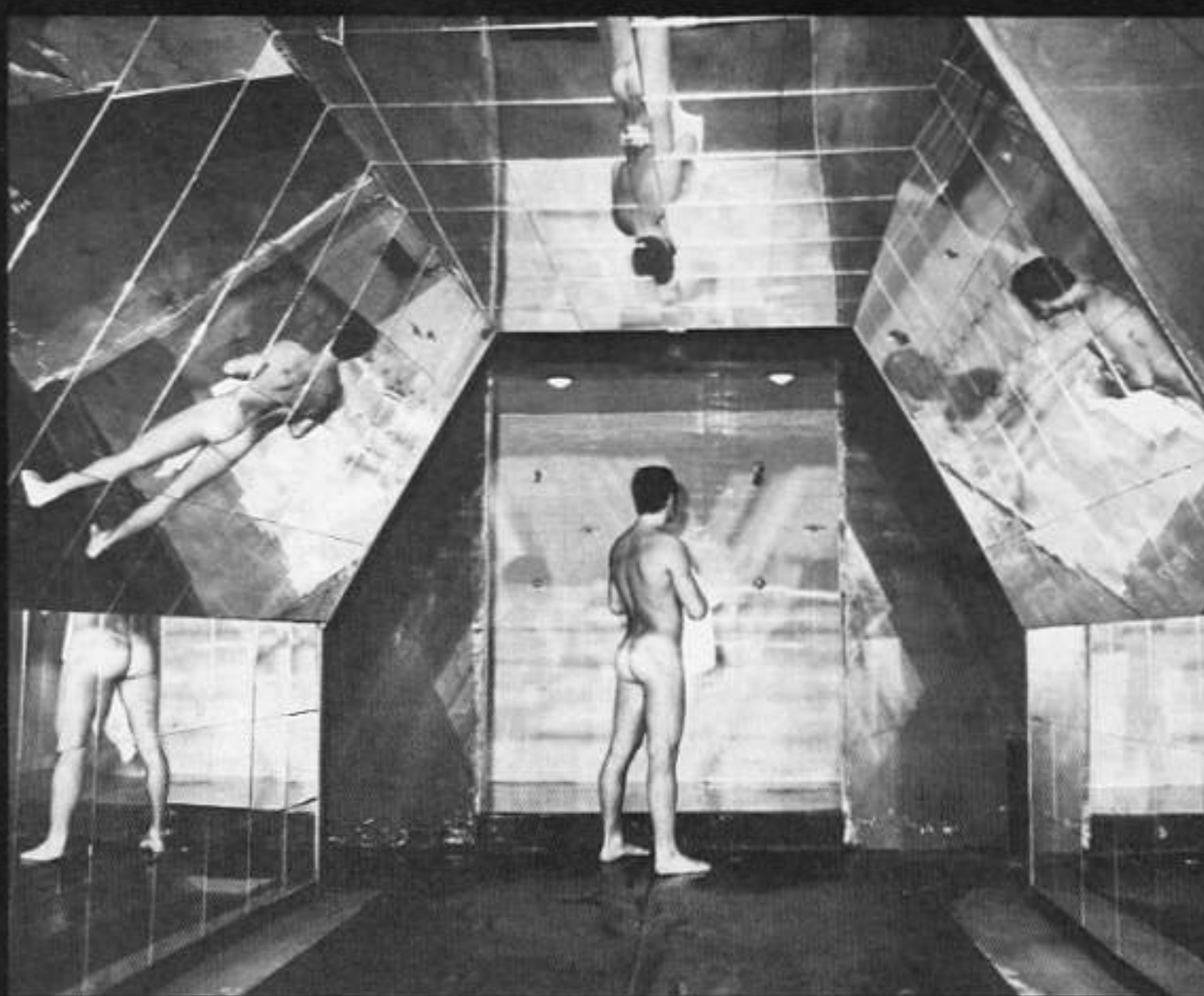
The Picasso statue graces the Civic Center. (Kee T. Chang photo.)



Italy's "Allonsanfàn" had U.S. premiere at film fest.



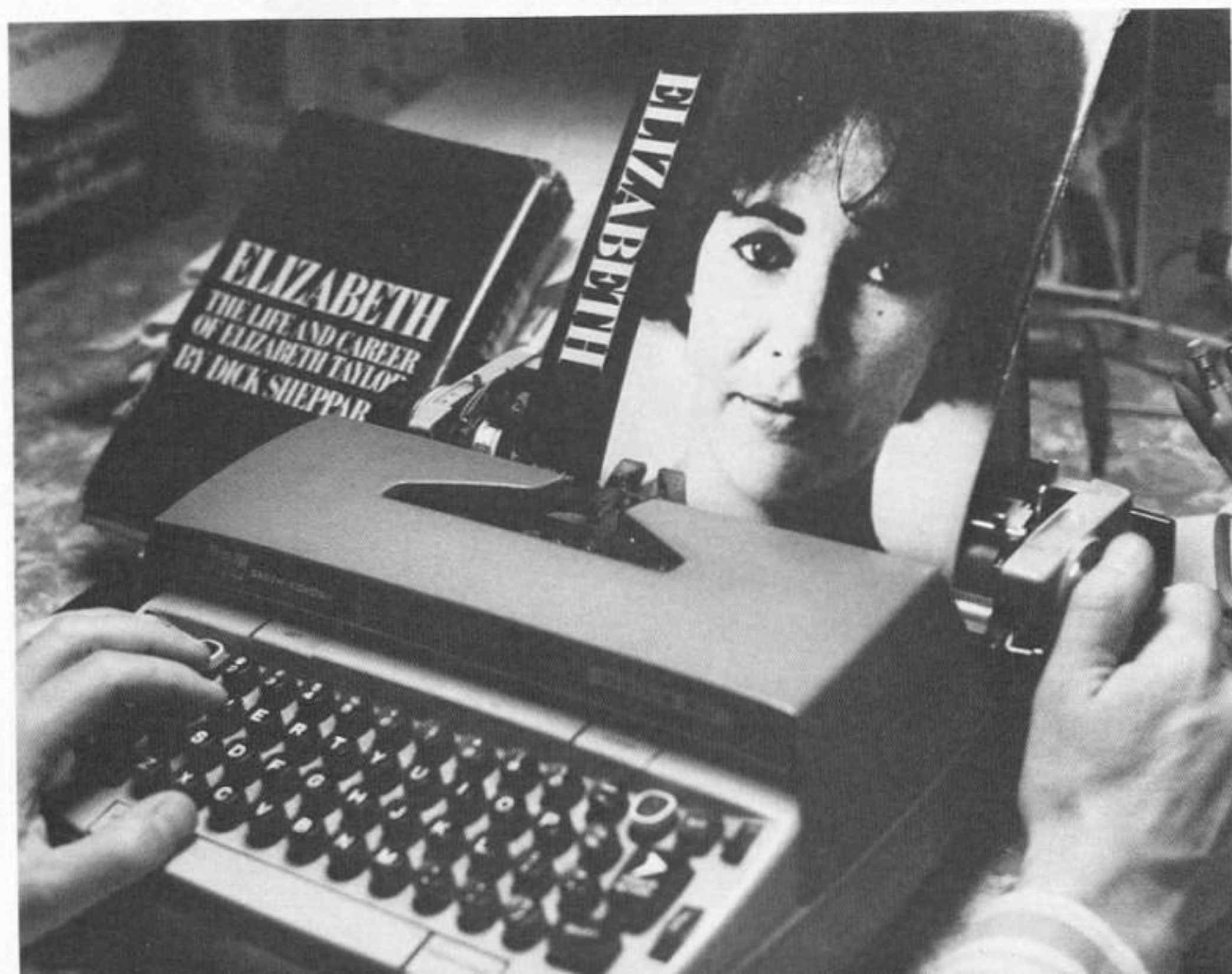
(David H. Fishman photo.)



The mirrored shower room — part of Man's Country's total experience for bath lovers.

PUTTING "LIZ" BETWEEN PAGES

By DICK SHEPPARD
the author of "ELIZABETH"





It all began with an undescended testicle and came together somewhere between *The Hurricane* and *Wuthering Heights*.

Before that, I'd been seated in an office and, apropos of nothing at all, got off the following mouthful: "You know — one of these days someone is going to do one of those 'Films of Elizabeth Taylor' picture books. And it is going to stink. And I am going to go out and kill him!"

The producer of TV's "The Movie Game" (for which I was staff writer) gave me a long look. "If that's the way you really feel," he rejoined, "then you ought to go and do it yourself."

I walked out onto the Goldwyn lot, deep in thought amid the faded relics of *Dead End*, *Stella Dallas*, *Best Years* and Sam's other celluloid gems. "Well," I finally said aloud, "I must go and do it." Everything finally came together in that moment — and after such a terrible beginning for movies and me. I'd been carried out of my first one, *Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs*, screaming my head off. I vaguely recall some sort of

reconciliation about the time Vivien Leigh got run over on Waterloo Bridge, Bette Davis fired a volley of slugs into a faithless lover, and Robert Taylor smuggled his mother out of Nazi Germany in a coffin. But it all took real if unglamorous root in 1944 surgery for that recalcitrant testicle, which rendered me incapable that summer of doing anything but eating, sleeping and going to the movies. I saw them all — *Gaslight*, *Going My Way*, *Mr. Skeffington*, you name it. And *Cobra Woman*, with the magnificent Montez, five separate times. I was permanently hooked. I kept scrapbooks and wrote movie columns in military school, in college, in the Air Force. There was a stint in New York as associate editor of *Photoplay*. Freelance articles for this and that. An aborted vocation for priesthood. Out to California in 1961 for a Master's at Berkeley, then seven years of teaching history in high school. And always — always — the obsession with film. From contestant on "Movie Game" to staff writer. Finally, that day at Goldwyn, the funneling into tight focus — the task,

the vision, what had to be. Unmistakable.

I went home and told my lover, John, who was predictably unimpressed. The only performer he'd have pulled up a window shade to see was Lily Tomlin. He was a printer and movie stars were definitely not his bag, but if they were so obviously mine — okay. His support, particularly financial, was making the big difference while we sweated out those ominous, non-paying waits between taping cycles of "The Movie Game," everything dependent on whether Colgate had pushed enough toothpaste to keep us going for another 13 weeks. John figured that a little involvement with Elizabeth would keep my creative spirits up and make for more peace in the household. (He got his reward when I arranged a dinner date for us with Lily Tomlin when she worked the show.)

Work on the book began in March, 1970, at the Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. "Do you have an Elizabeth Taylor star file?" I innocently inquired. Verna the librarian gave me one of those

"What a story! Everything but the bloodhounds snappin' at her rear end!"

is-the-sky-blue looks, chortled incredulously, put one hand on her bosom, stretched the other out into an expression of infinity, and then brought me more news clippings in bulging folders than I ever expected to see on any person this side of Franklin D. Roosevelt. During the daily attacks on it, Thelma Ritter's line from *All About Eve* kept popping at me. "What a story! Everything but the bloodhounds snappin' at her rear end!" And no one had ever told it all — had ever organized this mass into a factual, chronological, coherent piece of work. A few skimpy paperbacks had exploited some temporary frenzies — Mike Todd's death, Eddie & Debbie, *Cleopatra* and the scandal in Rome. One purported biography was straight out of the "as - she - stood at - the - window - little - did - she - dream . . ." school, with factual boners to match. Elizabeth herself confided some slender reminiscences into a tape recorder in 1964 and called it an autobiography. The public called it a rip-off. The job was still waiting to be done.

By August all that research I'd done gave me the closest approximation to pregnancy any man can know. I had to give birth to some of it. I did a chunk on the making of *Virginia Woolf* and sent it off to Miss T. via Chartwell Artists Limited in Beverly Hills. Five months later I got a personal note from her. "First, I must apologize for taking so long to answer your letter," it began. "As we travel so much it takes mail quite a long time to catch up with us." She talked about the article, thanked me for it, and then concluded, "With my Best Wishes for Your Success, Yours Truly, Elizabeth Taylor Burton" — in a bold slant up the page.

"With My Best Wishes for Your Success." That was encouragement. More came from Roddy McDowall — Roddy, the bosom-buddy of 30 years. Four or five different Lassies had come and gone since Roddy and Elizabeth first met at that kennel in the summer of '42, and they had kept it together through an infinity of

changes for both of them. By now it was August, 1971. I'd digested all the folders of personal material, and was into the individual film files — starting with the first, 1942's *There's One Born Every Minute* (Universal), the one everyone (including MGM and Elizabeth's mother) was all too happy to forget. There were solid nuggets of filmmaking to glean in those folders plus the film reviews of the time. Old film criticism was only part of it; how did *Lassie Come Home* and *Cynthia* and *Butterfield 8* and all the rest look today? I had to get them all freshly into my gut to chart Elizabeth's career growth. With pad in hand, I chased them all over the tube, night and day, anytime they appeared. *National Velvet* I brought home to study one weekend. *Life With Father* popped up at an Irene Dunne festival. *Jane Eyre* was revived locally with *Wuthering Heights*. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Virginia Woolf* showed

"With my Best Wishes for Your Success, Yours Truly, Elizabeth Taylor Burton."

up on the lower half of double-bills propping two bits of temporary garbage. Warners obligingly reissued *Giant*; ditto Fox with *Cleopatra*. Material not found in the Academy Library was available in the L.A. Public Library and in the *Los Angeles Times* archives. All my notes were being typed nights and during "Movie Game" lunch hours. August, 1971. Nine chapters written. And I was holding them as I entered the open door of Roddy McDowall's dressing room. He had just stripped to his underwear and regarded me uncertainly.

"I'm writing a book about Elizabeth Taylor and I'd like you to read what I've written."

The atmosphere altered perceptibly.

"I never talk for books," he replied. "Furthermore I don't really believe you can do full justice to anyone until they're dead."

I had already written about the *sine qua non* of real friendship with Elizabeth being the ability to keep one's mouth shut, and Roddy was

proving it. On the basis of his checking for accuracy those portions pertaining to him, he agreed to read it.

"There's a lot of it," he remarked, hefting the almost-200 pages. "I don't know if I can get to it right away." Oh, dear, I thought. He'll throw it in a corner and forget about it. That was on Thursday night. Early Saturday morning my phone jangled me awake. "Dick Sheppard?" I grunted affirmatively. "This is Roddy." I came wide awake. "I've read your manuscript on Elizabeth and found it absolutely fascinating. You must adore her." He praised the research, then we changed the subject and entered that particular realm where film buffs can dwell endlessly. I came off that phone call on a high no drug or booze could inspire. I had no agent, no publisher, no contract, no mandate from anybody — just that inner voice telling me that this is what I had to do. I'd been laboring in the minefield of factual errors to which every film historian can attest, and I had large questions about how much of it was trustworthy and, in fact, how much of what I had done was my own fantasy trip on Elizabeth Taylor. If Roddy could be so supportive, however, I knew I had to be doing something right. I'll always be grateful to him for that.

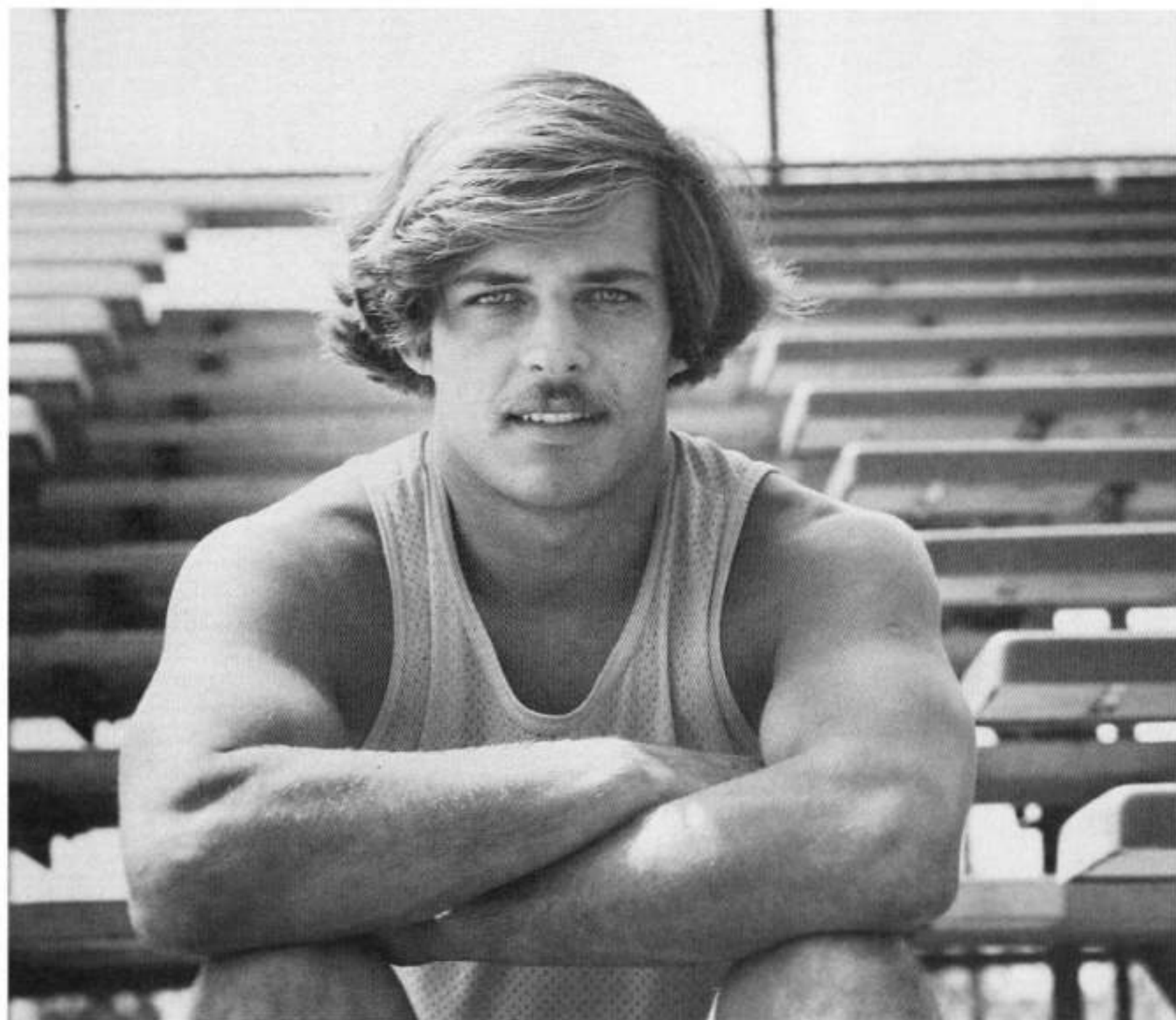
At the end of August Colgate axed "The Movie Game." A month later John and I mutually agreed to wash it up. When Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan divorced, Reagan noted that he could have named *Johnny Belinda* as co-respondent. Maybe John wearied of hearing about tracheotomies and diamonds. Whatever. The love remained but the life together was gone. I moved to a cheaper place and adjusted to unemployment. I ate a lot of chicken.

Without specific consent Elizabeth's friends don't talk. Period.

changed the sheets on the bed to alternate sides every other week, and parked the car in the lots of various Hollywood churches to save dimes — and the work went forward. Now the objective was twofold: Get Elizabeth's cooperation and get a publisher.

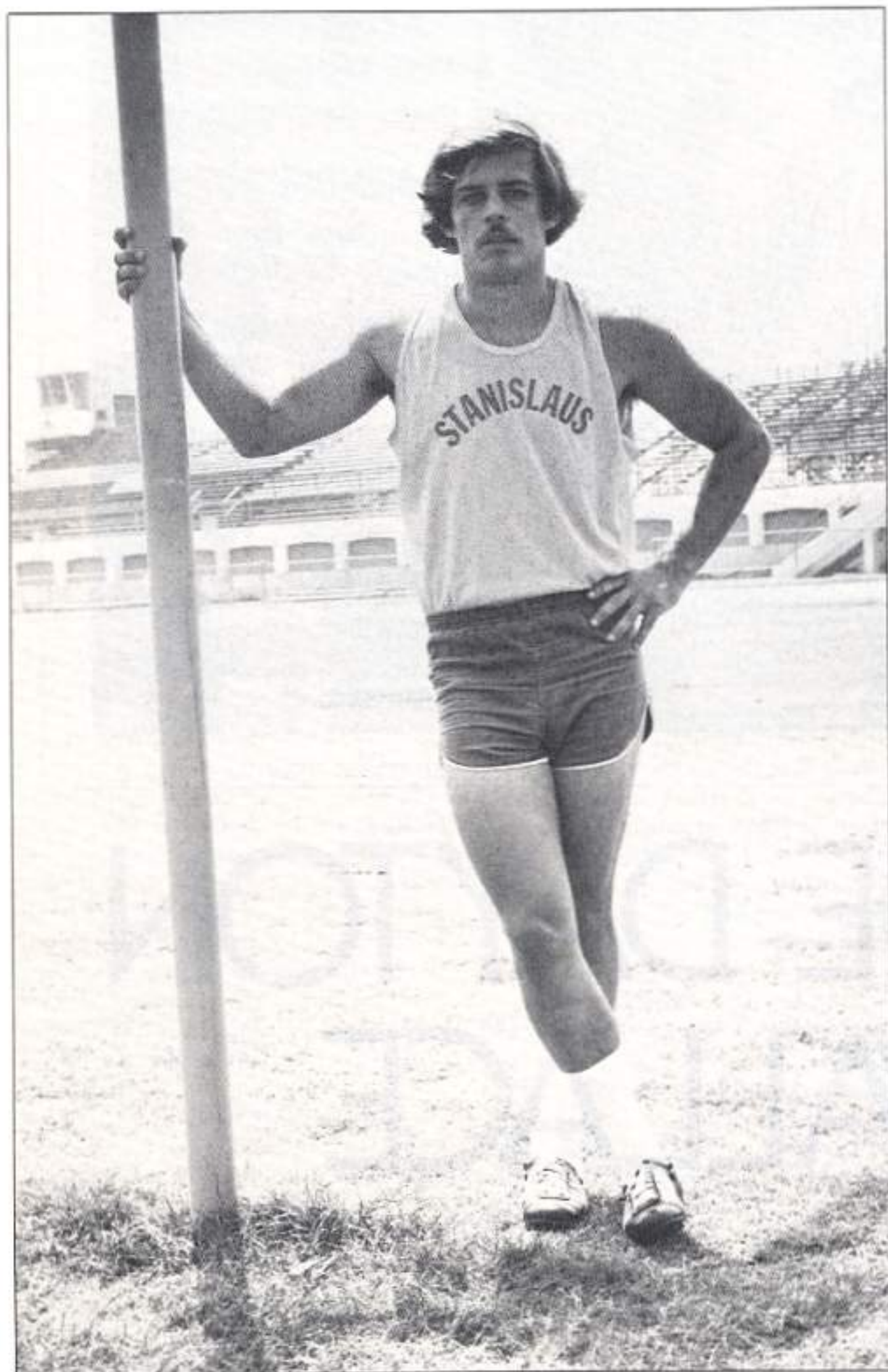
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discovery



CLYDE DAYTON WALLACE

the untypical athlete



Photography by
LAYNE NIELSON

There's something about the word "jock" that brings to mind a vision of a dumb, insensitive clod who spends his life drinking beer, dating dumb, insensitive sorority girls and ending up with an early middle-age paunch.

The word "jock" fits Clyde Dayton Wallace to a tee, but the word "typical" does not. By every sense of the word he should be your average jock, but he is not. He is easy-going, polite, and very likeable.

He is 23 years old, this "untypical jock," the oldest of seven children, raised in Nashville, where country boys grow up strong, healthy and fit.

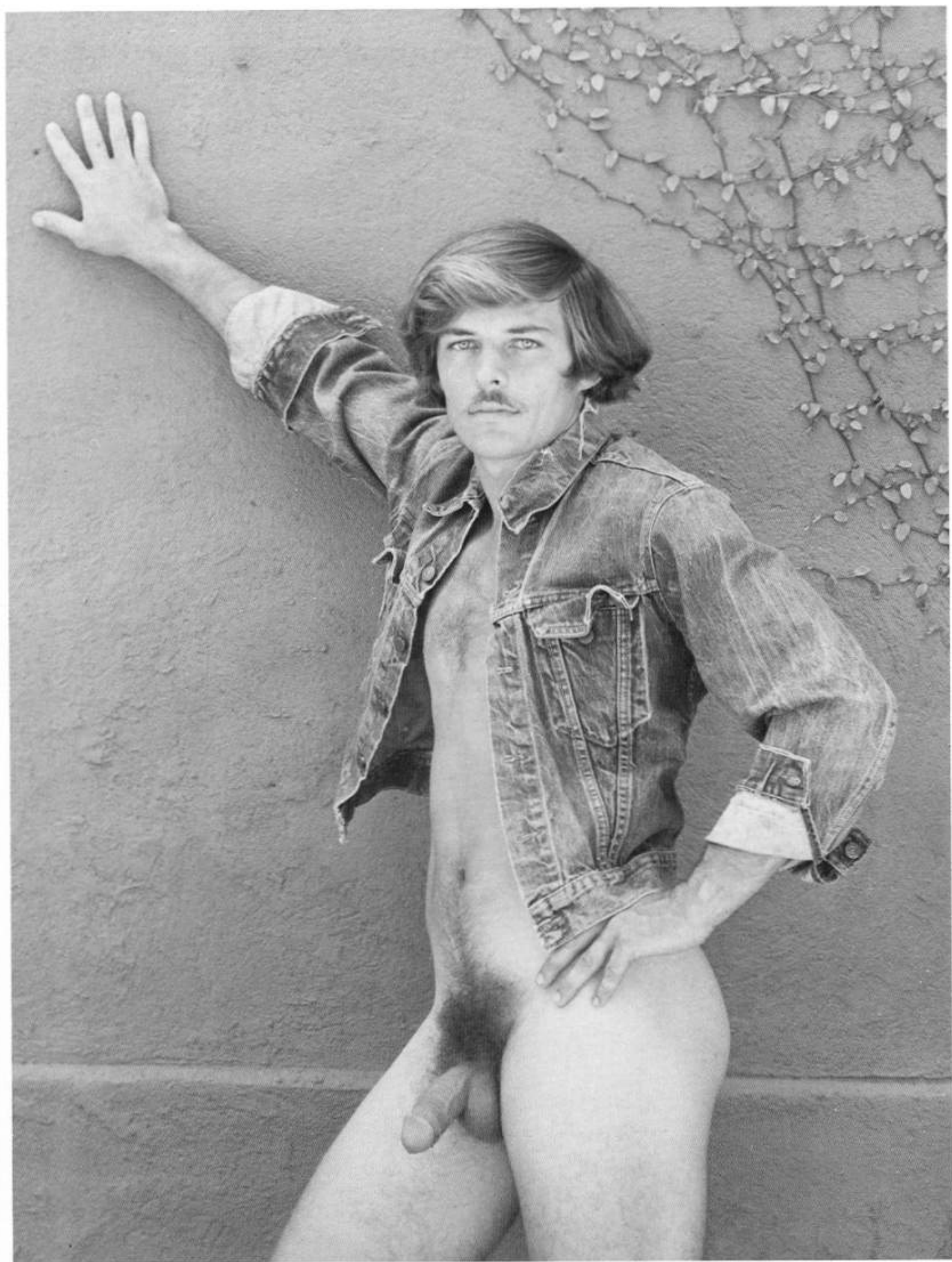
He was the most-lettered athlete in high school and went on to letter at Victor Valley College in Victorville in football, basketball and track. He even played semi-pro football.

Right now he's hitting the books and the track at Cal State in Stanislaus, where he's a junior working towards a bachelor's degree in — naturally — physical education.

He plans on a career as a football and track coach and no doubt will get it if some casting director doesn't see him in *IN TOUCH*, his bright blue eyes piercing out with no small amount of sex appeal. If anybody is perfectly suited to team up with Paul Newman in the film version of "The Front Runner," it's him.

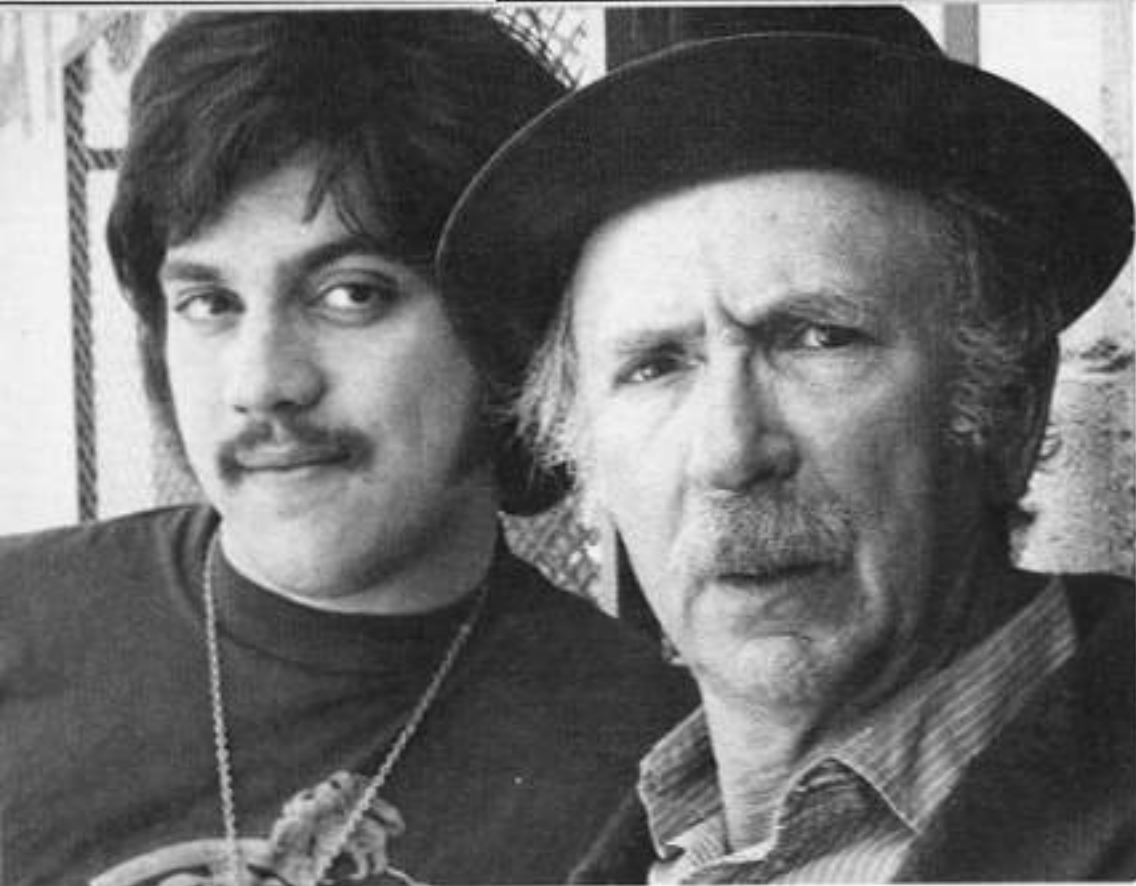
—JOHN ROBERTS











Freddie Prinze & Jack Albertson in "Chico & The Man."



Carl Betz & Stephen Young in "Judd For The Defense."

A LONG WAY FROM UNCLE MILTIE

By GERALD JONES



Jackie Cooper & Mark Wheeler in "Mobile One."

You're watching television, and suddenly you see an image of male perfection showering up or offering you a new career in computer programming, or purring, "I'm Bruce; Fly Me To Baltimore!" Let's face it, whenever an attractive face, body or personality lights up the tube, we become INTERESTED!

Even more than the movies, television brings us in direct and intimate contact with our ideals; those people whom we only dreamed of before the coming of electronic media are now in our living rooms whenever we want them.

Aside from the obvious fact that this easy access to beautiful guys is enjoyable, it is significant to note that television has demonstrated it's

power to radically change the world we live in, and in one sense has made human liberation — male, female, black, brown and gay alike — not only a possibility but a reality. The saturation of TV into every corner of America has given literally every American the chance to see a cross-section of lifestyles, whereas before most people saw only others like themselves.

Now that a whole generation has grown up with the expanded awareness that TV makes possible, we are beginning to see programs which deal in vivid reality, with real people who no longer follow society's norms, but act and react with honesty and believability.

A series dealing with a gay theme is the next step. Absurd, you say?

Preposterous?? Think back, say, ten years: in 1965 would you have believed a character like Archie Bunker? Maude? A series like "Good Times," which depicts life in an urban ghetto (and a comedy at that!)? The fact is that audiences today are anxious to see and learn about lifestyles which are not traditional, but which work nevertheless.

In nearly every comedy show which premiered in the last five years, gay characters and situations have been either mentioned or featured. Actually, in most of the shows these days which deal with such situations and people, when all is said and done, the image left with the viewer is quite positive indeed.

How realistic, then, is the idea that some day soon we will see a whole

series based on gay issues and catering predominantly to gay tastes? It certainly won't happen until the producers feel the public is ready — but why not now? Has the public been prepared for positive gayness in television shows? Glancing at some of the background, it's easy to see how possible is the seemingly impossible.

Catering to a male-oriented audience may or may not be a conscious effort on the part of producers and casting directors in television. But the simple truth remains that there is no shortage of sexy guys to be seen (check your local listings) on the home screen. For the admirers of the "mature man," there have always been the series stars, like Fess Parker

("Daniel Boone"), Craig Stevens ("Peter Gunn"), Burt Reynolds ("Dan August"), and Chuck Connors ("The Rifleman").

For those who find the younger men more attractive, just mentioning a few names can bring back a flood of nostalgic memories: David Nelson (and college friends) in the later years of "Ozzie and Harriet," Tim Considine, Don Grady and Barry Livingston from "My Three Sons," Stephen Young, who was Carl Betz's law partner in "Judd For The Defense," Robert Hogan of "Peyton Place," the hunky, blond, super-intelligent John Calvin, the son-in-law on "The Paul Lynde Show," and Desi Arnaz, Jr., during those seasons when he was featured with his mother on "The Lucy Show."

If we consider the guest-shots on the variety and talk shows, the list is even longer — naturally everybody has his own favorites. The point is that the guys are there for the fantasizing — or just for the simple voyeuristic enjoyment.

Of course, fantasies and "just looking" are not always enough. Naturally, we often wish that just once, in a non-joking way, the guy would not run away with the girl, but instead would live happily ever after with the other guy! It hasn't happened yet, but just for a moment, consider some of the series which deal with exclusively male relationships. Romance between two guys may not be as far away as you think!

What comes to mind first was the campy and questionable relationship

between Adam West and Burt Ward in the "Batman" series: we can remember heated protests from right-wingers over the "implied homosexuality" therein. And "Alias Smith and Jones" was an adventure series which starred two compatible guys, Ben Murphy and the late Peter Duel. The current series "Movin' On," starring Claude Akins and Frank Converse, of course is the story of two truck drivers — and you know how lonely those long hauls can get!

And one of the top-rated shows on television is "Chico and The Man." There is an unmistakable loving friendship between the gruff old man (Jack Albertson) and his young garage-assistant (Freddie Prinze). Even Jackie Cooper had good taste in his choice of an on-the-spot cameraman for this season's short-lived "Mobile One."

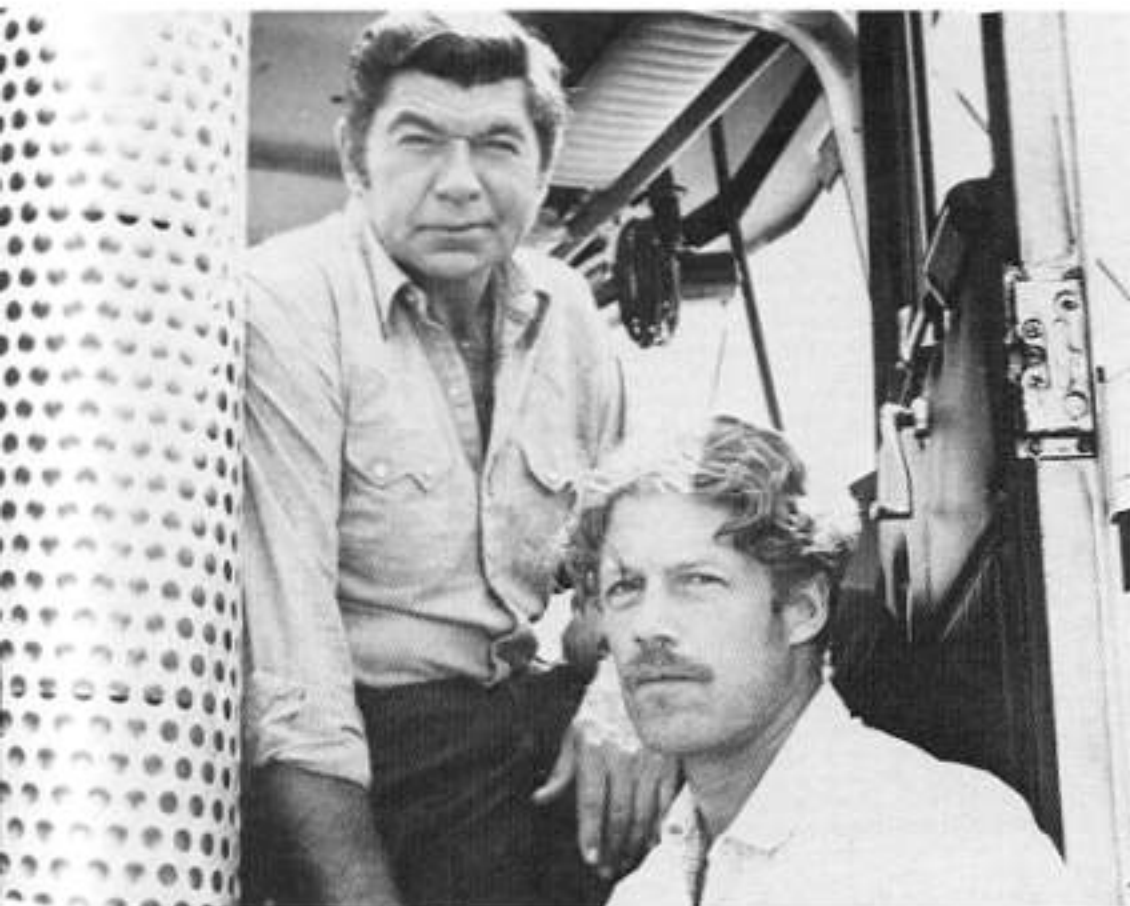
Are some of these shows thinly-disguised gay relationships? Whether they are or not, they could be the precursors of the openly gay relationships of future television shows. When you think about it, there is only a very fine line dividing the male relationship which does not involve sex from the one which does!

The characters seen on TV today are talking about gays, and some gay characters are featured in dramas and comedies alike. Ever since the 1972 network presentation of "The Glass House," starring Kristoffer Tabori, Alan Alda and Vic Morrow in a story dealing very explicitly with the violence and homosexuality of prison

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Bobby Sherman & Wes Stern in "Get Together."



Claude Akins & Frank Converse in "Movin' On."

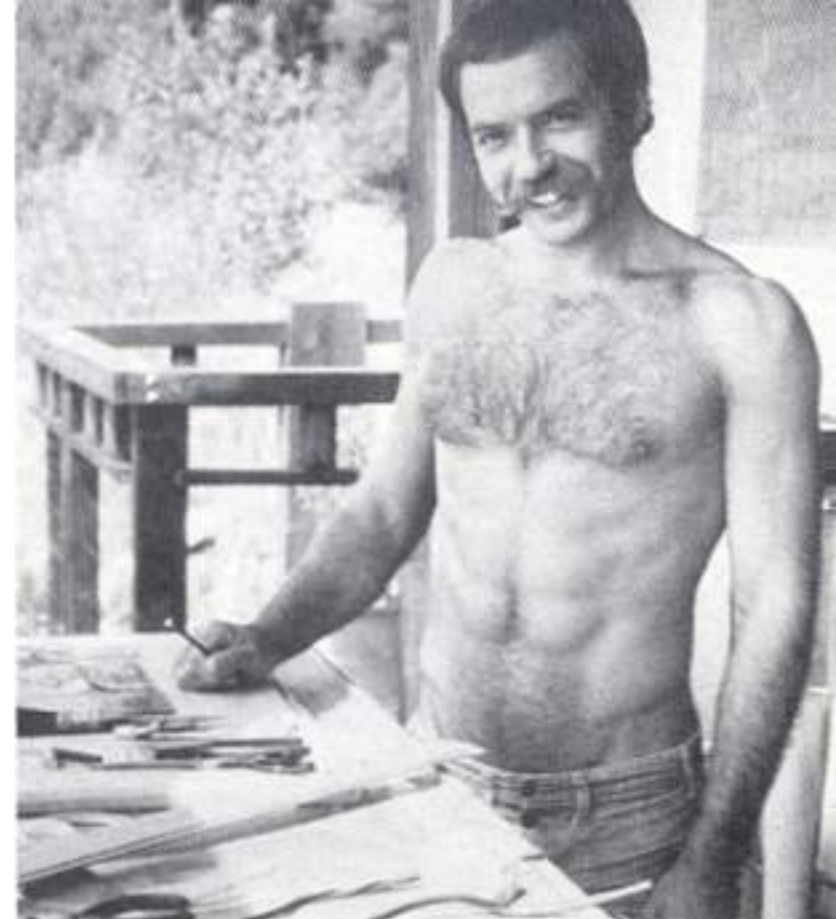


Adam West & Burt Ward in "Batman."



GIVING LIGHT

Text and Photos by RICHARD SULLIVAN



Art Brady hoists a heavy barbell over his head and begins his daily round of exercising. He watches his progress in a huge old mirror which leans against the supporting beam of the floor above. His muscles strain and his face turns scarlet as he completes his predetermined number of reps.

His body is beautiful and he's proud of it. It's something he has created with hard work, like so many of the things around him — his large and varied array of stained glass windows, and even the house in which he lives.

Breathing heavily, he sits on a wooden bench, facing the windows. The three-level house is on a hillside in Malibu Canyon. There are no real walls within the structure; every area opens onto the others. The entire front of the house is solid glass, interspaced with 12-inch wide by 20-foot high strips of stained glass of Art's creation, reaching from the lower-level floor up to the roof. There are five of these panels, each depicting the same sexual image — a penis entering an orifice, and each panel is of a different color.

He lives with a roommate who is out of town frequently. They built the house together. "We contracted out the heavy work, like setting the pilings and the placement of the heavy structural beams and the window wall, but the rest we did ourselves."

The night I arrived at the house, I had just completed a 30-mile drive from L.A. up never-ending, winding roads in the blackness of the canyon night. A dog and cat met me at the door.

I thought I was seeing some fantastic light show as fireworks began exploding in the sky and Art led the way to the living room. "They're celebrating Labor Day weekend," he said, glancing at the skyrockets, and lighting a joint. He handed it to me and then put a record on the stereo and stood with his shirt off in the middle of the cavernous room and in the most beautiful tenor voice began to sing part of a German opera.

I sat there transfixed enjoying the whole experience immensely until it was time for bed. We retired early, anticipating a full schedule of shooting the next day.

I was awakened by waves — the cat and dog scurrying across the waterbed. Until then I had not seen the magnificent view. Fog covered the Santa Monica Mountains and the ocean far below was barely visible. White blooming yucca and red and orange wildflowers covered the miles of slope between the house and the Pacific Coast Highway.

Art was making coffee, and we took our cups and the dog and meandered down the road saying "good morning" to a neighbor and enjoying the flowers. A smiling German woman with two teenage daughters in a station wagon stopped her car to ask if either one of us was the one who sang opera. Art told her he was the one and she explained that she could hear him all the way up the hill and, being German, loved every minute of it. "Bravo!" she shouted as the car disappeared down the road.

Back at the house Art began working out and I began snapping photos.

After a half-hour of heavy exer-

cising, I followed him out to the lower balcony and into the hot sun. He turned on the hose and doused himself, washing the sweat from his body, and we stood there for a long time not speaking, the ocean breeze, sweet-smelling and clean, wafting around us. Art shivered despite the heat of the day and goose bumps popped up over his muscular body, wet and shining in the sun.

We took time out for a meal, and to take the dog for a run before he began work on a small window that he was giving to a friend. This one depicted the wild grasses that grow in the area, intricately and exquisitely executed in many beautiful shades of green and yellow. Most of the windows he creates are for homes and businesses, but his favorites, he says, are the ones he does as gifts.

I used up my film, and we began preparing for the trip back to L.A. As we drove along the coast Art explained future plans for the house, his hopes for his future in medicine (he's a pre-med student), a dinner party he was planning for visiting relatives, and the design of a new window that was in the planning stages.

"It didn't dawn on me before to ask," I said, "but you HAVE to be a Scorpio."

Art laughed and asked why. "It's because not only are you involved in a million projects at once, but you also do all of them well, and complete every project. Everyone who I know that fits that description is a Scorpio."

He laughed again and admitted he was. And we got back to L.A. too soon.



DUNCAN McDONALD in the record jungle



Photo by Hy Chase

When I first rang up songwriter-singer Duncan McDonald, to schedule this interview, he was in the shower. This proved to be symbolic of a fresh-faced, clean-cut, enormously talented boy, eager to please, modest to a fault, and courteous in an almost turn-of-the-century kind of way.

Although only 23, he has already been mauled badly in Hollywood's recording industry jungle. "Last year I was working for *Billboard* magazine, doing the charts, and I met Jack Gold, a personal manager, who was married to one of the women I worked with. So he started managing me and getting my stuff around, and I got a contract with United Artists.

"I recorded 'You Can Take My Love' in March and it was released in May and did quite well as far as 'easy listening' goes. It was played on more than 300 radio stations across the country, moved up to 17th spot on *Billboard's* 'Easy Listening' chart, got mentioned in all the top trades, and got a front page *Gavin* (the *Gavin Report* is a tip sheet in the recording industry, very influential with radio stations). That usually means it's going to cross over to 'pop.' So we thought we were going to have a big hit."

He manages a self-effacing chuckle, to cover his embarrassment at having to say something unpleasant about someone. "But the company, due to political things internally, dropped the song at that point, as far as promoting it. Then, when my option came up in November, it wasn't picked up. So I am a little bit discouraged with the recording industry. There are a lot of games, a lot of who-you-know . . ."

With obvious relief, he turned to the more easily dealt with facts about his background. He spent the first six years of his life in Ellensburg, Wash., and the next 11 at Chico, in northern California, moving to L.A. in 1969.

When the family returned to Chico, Duncan stayed on at Los Angeles City College, to major in music. "I didn't really start singing until the 9th grade, in 'Mixed Chorus.' Then, in the 11th grade, I had a free class, so I took 'Choir,' which I didn't want to take. And I got the Choral Award that year." He

also has several other statewide awards, plus the National Choral Directors Award for "Outstanding Vocal Performance."

His professional career began at L.A.C.C. After singing with "The Young Americans" for nearly a year, "I met a guy by the name of Wayne Moore, and he and I organized an act — 'McDonald and Moore' — and played around for a while. Then we added Wayne's wife, Brenda, and called ourselves 'Zechariah,' and appeared around the L.A. folk circuit — places like The Ice House and the Troubador. This was about '72. Also did a couple of demos (sample tapes), mostly stuff I'd written. Which is what we sang, primarily. Then I began playing the Bla-Bla Cafe, in the Valley, where I still am — to keep in practice.

He smiles readily and often, especially when he talks about "friends." His ringless hands move easily and gracefully, even when lighting up a rare cigarette. He lives alone in a two-bedroom, two-story house in Laurel Canyon, and flashes another warm smile: "I love that! It's a great place, really great! I've lived there since last August. I spend most of my time doing whatever I can with music, trying to sell songs, writing, doing demos, keeping in touch with friends I met through the recording.

"An average day?" He pauses for what seems a very long time, then sighs profoundly. "Oh, I get up in the morning. Fairly late, usually, eleven, twelve o'clock. And just futz around the house, doing whatever. I love cooking. I'm not very good at it, but I'm learning," he laughs.

The recording experience left a deep scar, but the excitement he generated as a featured performer at last spring's Kingmasters "Night of Stars" benefit at the Aquarius Theatre was really a high point.

"You know, that was the biggest audience I ever played to, and it was the best P.A. I ever sang out of. Incredible sound system! When I came off and was going up the stairs to my dressing room, some guy came down and he said, 'Hey, listen, they're cheering. That's for you!' And I just felt great." The exhilaration of that night still shines through his eyes, and he excitedly mentions other bookings that may develop as a direct

result of it.

With some hesitation, I mention that *IN TOUCH* readers often express curiosity about the sexual preference of our Rising Stars. After the tiniest of pauses, Duncan answers very simply, "I'm gay, if that's what you mean. I don't see any harm in telling people. If somebody asks me, I never deny it. If they're that curious, then they deserve to know. And if it bothers them, they shouldn't've asked in the first place. I have a lover. We lived together while I was doing the record, but things got so frantic he had to move to the Valley. But we still see each other very often.

"My manager was always very much against my doing anything before a gay audience or being part of anything that had to do with gay people, because he thought it would ruin my image. But like I say, I don't see why there should be a distinction between gay and straight worlds, so to speak. I don't believe in a 'gay world', but a lot of gay people do. They isolate themselves and won't have anything to do with the straights. And you can't live that way."

I am greatly impressed with the wisdom of this boy, and the two of us think our not-so-separate thoughts for several quiet moments. Finally, I ask about his future plans. "As soon as I can get another record label, and another manager, I want to start trying to get together a band and a tour, preferably a college tour to start out with. I'll re-form 'Zechariah' with Wayne and Brenda as a nucleus. It'll be 'Duncan McDonald with Zechariah.'" And he quickly adds, apologetically, "because of the record, you know."

"I sort of promised myself when I was 18 that by the time I was 25, if I hadn't made a certain amount of success in the recording industry, that I would give it up. But I don't know. As that age approaches, I'm beginning to change my mind." And, yet again, that infectious laugh as he leaves.

Later, I found myself worrying that this terribly vulnerable young man may be too honest, too open, for his chosen career. But I listen again to his record, and the worries vanish.



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Sammy Williams, a leading performer in the Broadway hit "A Chorus Line," is no newcomer to the Broadway stage. Audiences have seen him in "The Happy Time," in which he had the unusual task of understudying 31 boys. He originated the dancing lead opposite Lauren Bacall in "Applause" and appeared on Broadway and in the national tour of "Seesaw." "A Chorus Line" marks his debut as an actor. I talked to him backstage at the Shubert Theatre.

In Touch: What would you like the world to know?

Sammy: I am very, very happy. "A Chorus Line" is truly where it's at for me. It has opened many, many doors, and personally it's been very rewarding. Before I got into "Chorus Line" my career was sort of going downhill . . . not really, but sort of. I mean, I had a back injury and was almost out of the business.

In Touch: What happened?

Sammy: I was doing the national company of "Seesaw," also for Michael Bennett. There was a number called "The Party's On Me" which is supposed to be the opening of a discotheque. It's a fabulous number, that featured me and another boy with Lucie Arnaz. And Lucie's about 5'9", and I'm a munchkin of course, like you. I was wearing high platform shoes and suddenly my back just gave out. I couldn't work for about six months. Rehearsals for "A Chorus Line" had started and I didn't know if I was going to be able to do it or not. I kept asking myself what I was going to do. I had never thought of anything but dancing. I didn't consider myself an actor, and had never wanted to act. I really went a little crazy — had what seemed like eight nervous breakdowns.

In Touch: Have you considered anything else now?

Sammy: Yes. Acting. It's really fabulous. I used to watch people in shows and I was fascinated that they could get out on stage and really deliver and be fabulous — like when I saw you in "Fortune And Men's Eyes," I was really floored. But I never thought that I had the ability, maybe deep down inside I did, but I just didn't have the guts to get out there and open my mouth. And I would never have dared going to an acting class. So when they said they

were doing this workshop ("Chorus Line" started as a workshop at the Public Theatre) I thought, well, I know a lot of the kids, and knew that they hadn't acted before, and I thought that if they could be up there doing it, I could too. So I tried and here I am.

In Touch: Well, what did you, as a chorus dancer, think you were doing in those shows if you weren't acting? How does a dancer look at it?

Sammy: Performing. I was performing. I never thought about any of it. I just got up there and did it, and what I felt was what you saw. But I never took the time to sit down and think it out. I just figured that those were the steps "5,6,7,8" and boom, there I was on the stage. And I loved it, I loved every minute of it. But when Michael choreographs a number, you are acting the number. It's not so much that the steps are important, but the way that you deliver

And I really want to get more into acting. My back is not in perfect shape, once you've injured it you always carry that with you. So I don't know how long I'm going to be able to dance — though I will dance until it gives out for good. Then, that's it. Yet I don't want to ever stop dancing. It's my first love and it's what got me here. But you just can't dance forever. And that is what "Chorus Line" is all about. It's true to life.

In Touch: Then what do you do about your injury?

Sammy: You learn to work with it, to work around it. Michael Bennett had a back injury years ago and it still bothers him today, but he learned to work around it and use it to his advantage. And when I hurt myself he told me not to worry about it, that I would go beyond it. And it's true. He has taught me so many things it's unbelievable.

In Touch: What is Michael

we had the time because it was a workshop, so Michael could work with each of us. He's a fabulous man. He gives you lots of inspiration, because what he wants you to do on that stage he can do twice as well as you can — anything. It really gives you something to work for. Very inspiring.

In Touch: Were you scared of this show when you started it?

Sammy: I was terribly frightened, because, as I said, I had never really acted before. And this was it, the big time, lots of lines, and it was really acting. I had no idea what I was doing; I do now, thank God. My character's story is incredible. And it's true. About this Puerto Rican kid who was raped at the age of six but never said anything about it to his parents because he was too scared. And he always wanted to be a dancer, got his start in the business working as a drag in the Jewel Box

SAMMY WILLIAMS

FROM "CHORUSBOY" TO "CHORUSLINER"

By JEREMY STOCKWELL

them. And that's what dancing is all about. Even singing, and acting — it's all the way that you present the material, and it's all acting, just different ways of expressing yourself.

In Touch: So how do you feel you are doing as an actor?

Sammy: I feel fabulous. I certainly have developed some confidence. And have proven to myself that I can do it. So that I'm not afraid anymore to jump in and try it and maybe make a fool of myself. Acting is different from dancing in that you are reaching the audience emotionally instead of just physically. And reaching them emotionally is a trip. When someone comes up to me after the show and says I made them cry — that I made them cry — it's amazing, and beautiful to share your emotions with someone and touch them that way. And it means that I'm doing what I'm supposed to do.

Bennett like to work with?

Sammy: He's fabulous. You never feel uncomfortable working with Michael. Never. You know, when you're working on a role you go through a lot of different head trips, which he can tell instantly. He just has to look at you and he can tell you need someone to talk to about your part, and you can talk to him. A lot of directors just don't want to know. They are under such pressure that they have no time to worry about what you are feeling inside. But what was so wonderful about this show is that we really did have the time to explore our feelings and talk it out. Rehearsal periods are the hardest times because you are developing whatever you're going to be doing in the show. And if you're not on the same wave length with the director it creates conflicts that you don't generally have time to work out. But

Revue, which took him way out on a limb. So he really had a very traumatic childhood. But the character is very well written in the show and is beautiful to play. I get a very good response from the audience.

In Touch: How do you feel playing it?

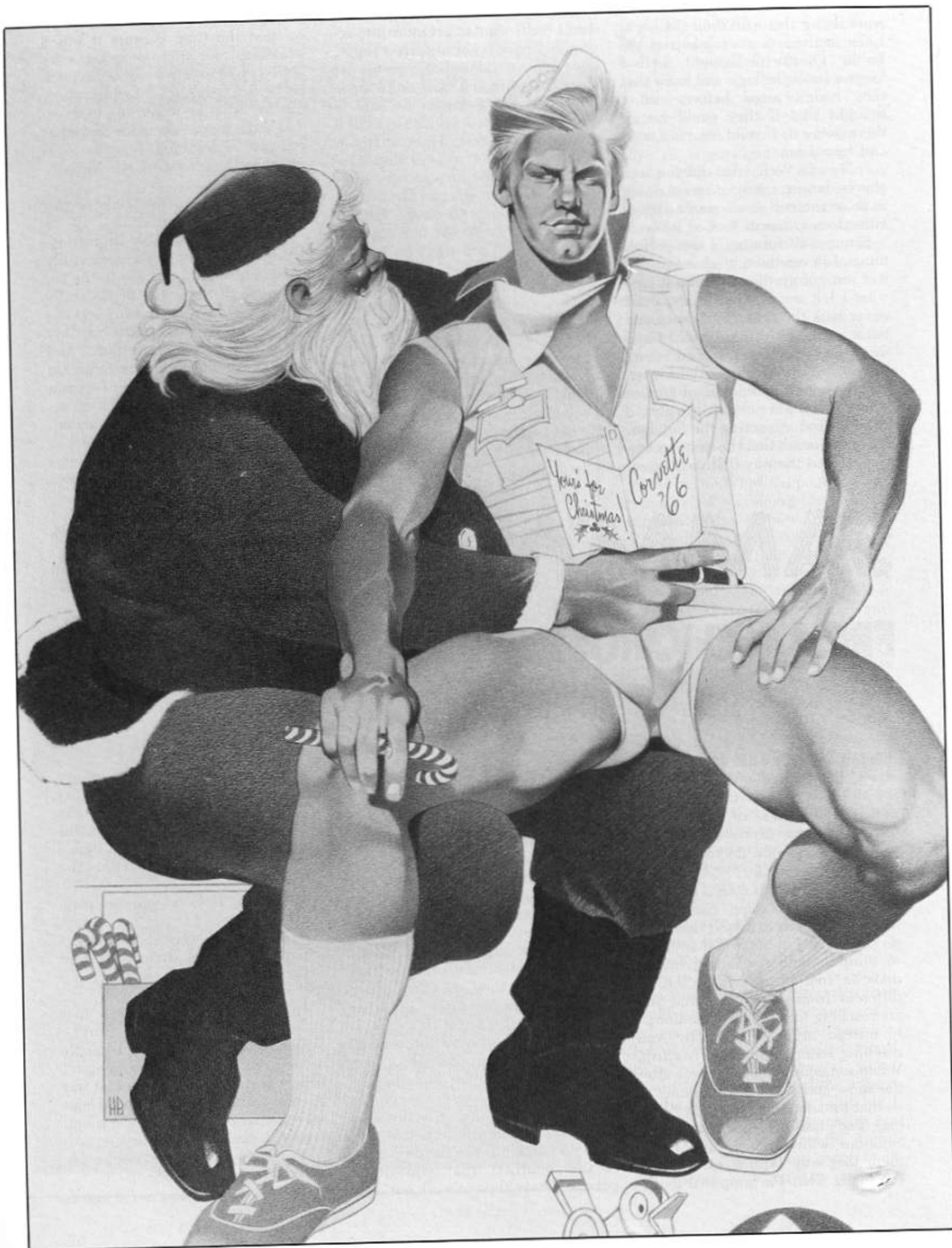
Sammy: It's very challenging. There are so many choices involved in playing it. But it's wonderful, I feel very good about it.

In Touch: Do you think that audiences think this is your story?

Sammy: I've had several people write and say that they couldn't believe it wasn't my story, that it was too real to them. Most people at least ask whether or not it is. But it is not, though I can relate to it.

In Touch: Is someone else in the show playing your life?

(Please Turn To Page 86)





The **PINUP ART** of Harry Bush

By JOHN ROBERTS



Rod McKuen once wrote quite aptly that when you find yourself going home alone on a Saturday night, the Sunday paper was your only friend.

Probably the next best thing to the comics on those long Saturday nights was the vision of Harry Bush, a self-taught artist whose drawings of well-muscled, handsome young studs have been turning on fans of male physique magazines (particularly those of the Athletic Model Guild) for quite a few years.

He would spend anywhere from a half hour to a week on his illustrations, which always told a complete story in a single panel while his less gifted counterparts needed an entire series of panels to bring a story to completion.

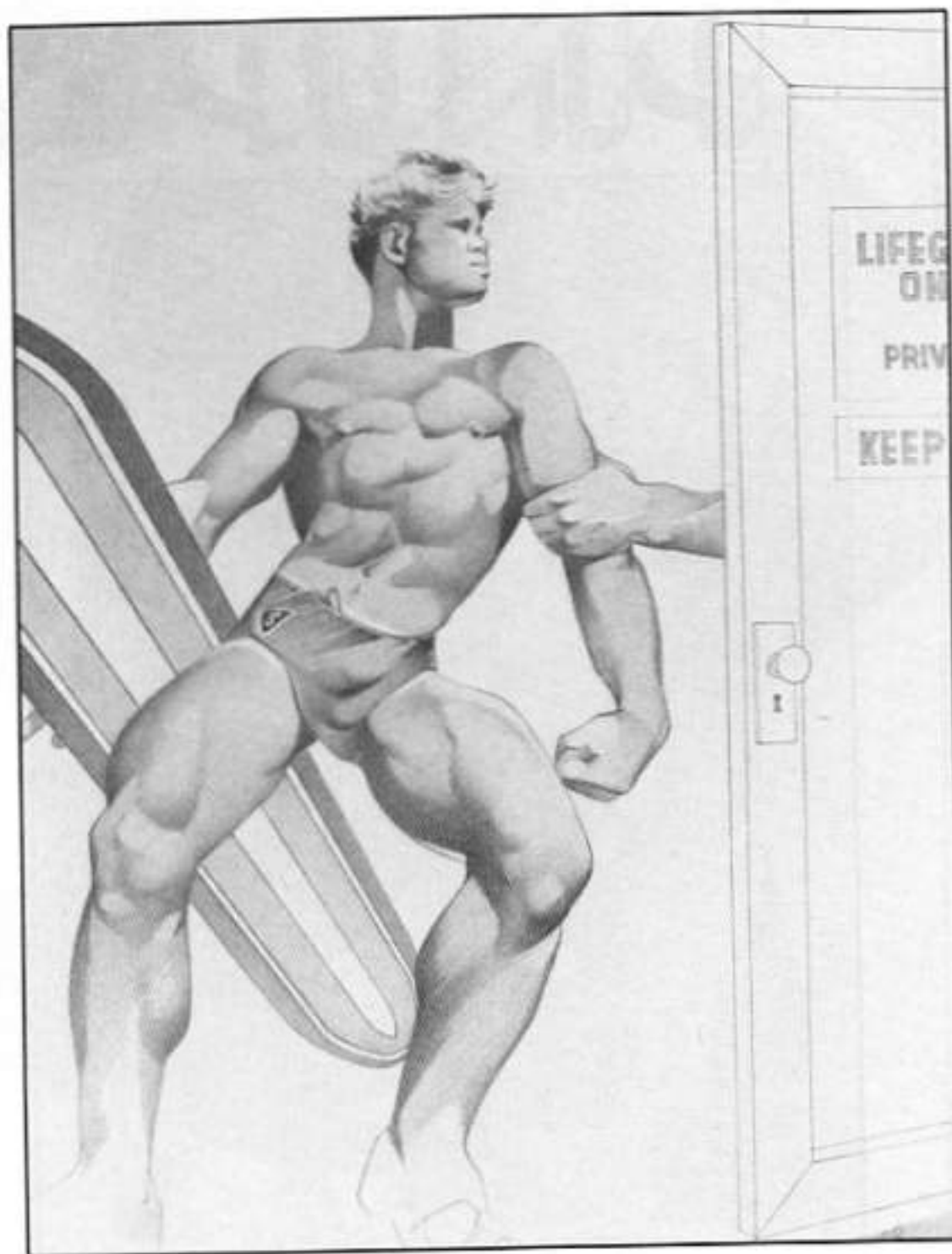
In his Christmas drawing (at left), the theme "Want Some Candy Little Boy?" is carried

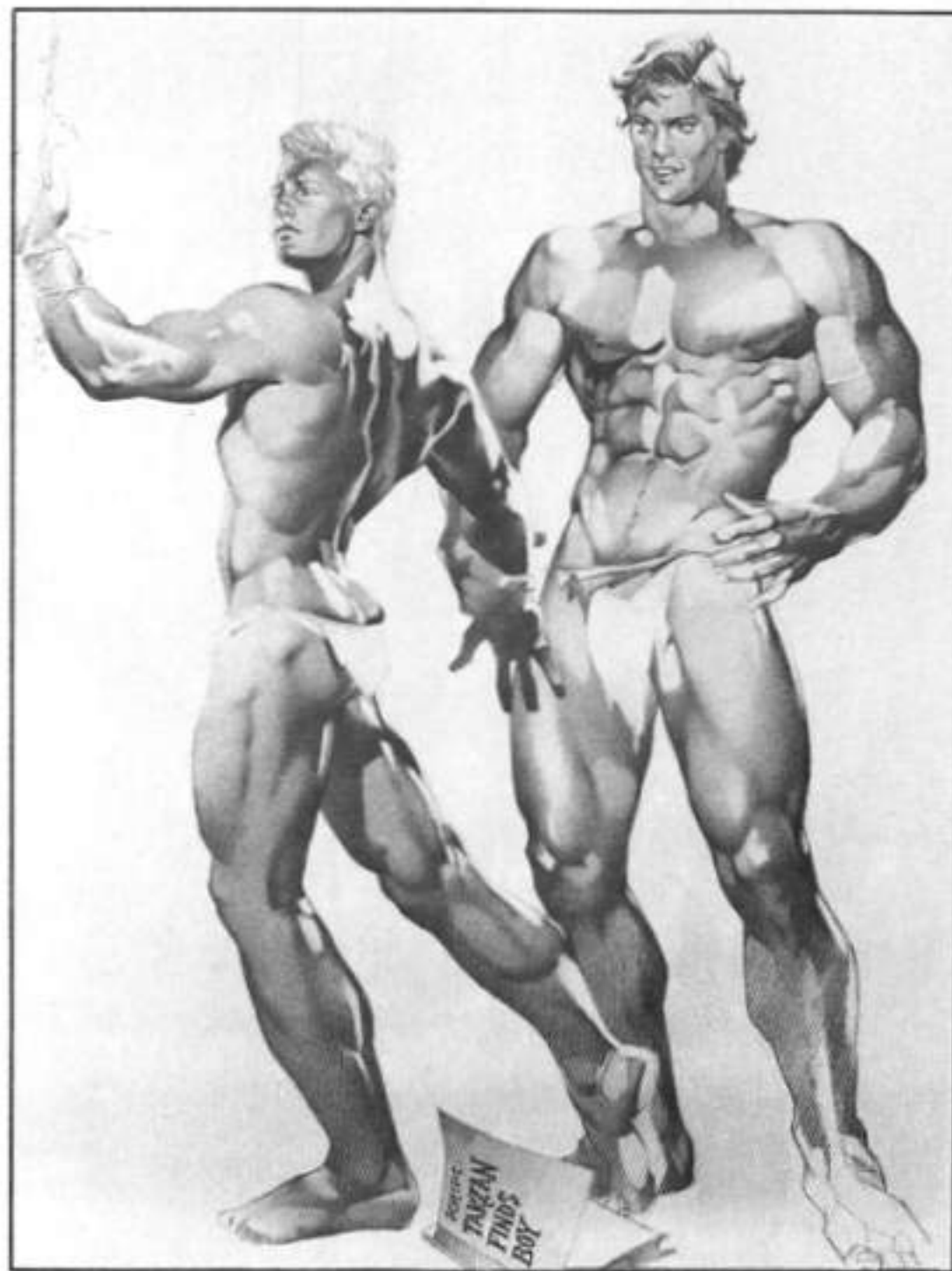


through in several details easily overlooked at a quick glance. Notice, for example, the position of Santa's hand, nestled innocently, but quite squarely, on the young lad's ample crotch; the candy cane Santa has bribed the little fellow with; and just what it is the lad wants Santa to put under his tree — a '66 Corvette, naturally. And of course the Scout's (see the kid's hat) suspicious glance at Santa, asks "Hmmm . . . and just what do I have to do to be a good boy?"

Bush, we're told, produced a very small volume of work and hasn't been heard from since. But his drawings in pen and charcoal keep giving pleasure.

His inspiration often came from photographs of hunky young dudes, but he also knew most of his models, and that familiarity with expression and stance always



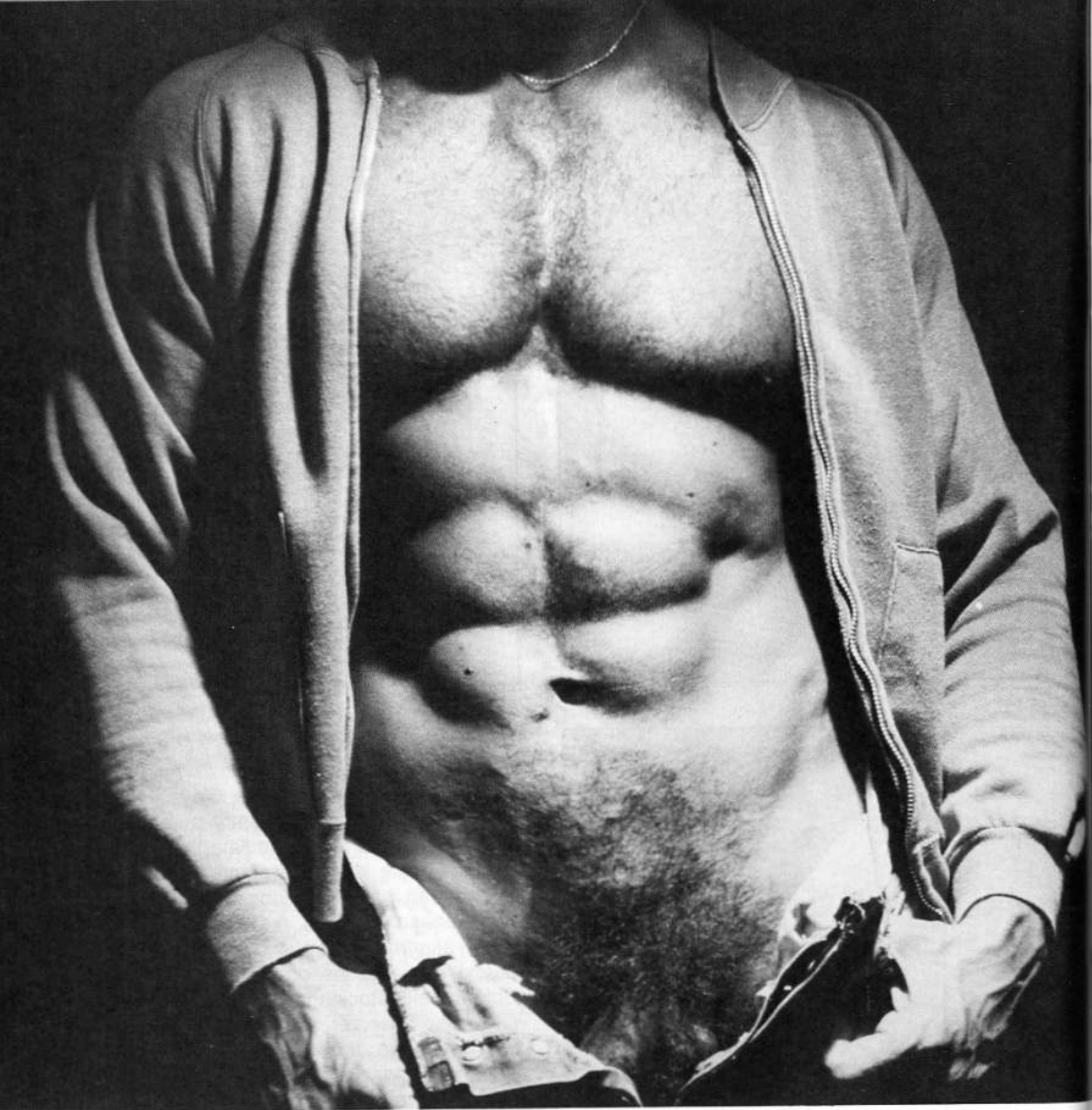


came across in his work. There was invariably an innocence about the fellows he'd draw, whether they were college boys, surfers, hitchhikers or plain ol' country bumkins.

Bush refused to emasculate the male image. He once had an assignment to draw a young man in silk stockings and objected, but went ahead and did the drawing anyway. Later, after mulling it over, he went back to the studio and tore the drawing in half, leaving only the silk stockings behind.

A keen observer, Bush obviously knew his way around a drawing board, and although he certainly was up to it, he disliked doing full nudes. Nevertheless, the eroticism is there — nudes or not — and next time you forget to buy the Sunday paper, you've still got a friend.

(Harry Bush drawings for *IN TOUCH* provided by "Noah's Art" and AMG)



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been opaque to other explorers often seemed to me very like the perceptions of ONE Institute's W. Dorr Legg, without Legg's abrasiveness — except that Tripp's excessive insistence that every individual is an individual would tend to atomize Legg's or anyone else's efforts to produce a relevant sociology of gay life.

Where most "sex scientists" have been blinded by their own presuppositions, Tripp has the scales lifted from his eyes and sees a variety in homosexual phenomena where others saw only what their bias predicted.

He discounts too easily any possible biological causation, but many doctrinaire gay activists will resent his insistence on still comparing contemporary sex behavior to what animals do, or his idea that extensive psycho-social differences between men and women are rooted in biology, and that habitual male deprecation of women is rooted in an iron necessity that sexual relations derive their spark from natural antagonism between partners. Tripp says that sweetness-and-light extinguishes sexual interest — though his description of the mechanics of lesbian love-making belies this.

He warns that today's new tolerance may prove illusory, that law reform may have only superficial effects, that purposive or teleological rationales have corrupted the natural and social sciences (i.e., "nature designed men and women to fit together"); and that inversion (members of one gender taking on roles or attributes of the other) and homosexuality are separate phenomena not necessarily found in the same persons or at the same times.

He argues that sexual interest thrives only when partners are partially (not totally) alienated from one another, that some form of biting and scratching is necessary to bring the act off, that marriages cannot be built on smooth togetherness. He suggests that Christian theology and morality is a form of inversion.

He notes what had escaped many observers: that the psychology of female impersonators, drag queens and transsexuals differ radically; that Latin countries, far from being the havens of tolerance some tourists think them to be, are mere examples of the rule that those societies having

the strongest taboos against homosexuality are often willing to make it available to tourists. He insists that homosexuality survives far better in small towns than many observers suppose and that the image of gays cringing in fear of blackmail is wildly exaggerated — indeed, that blackmail rarely works except with the victim's abject cooperation.

His chapter on the Psychology of Effeminacy, which many will label as male chauvinist, deserves careful consideration. I would assume from the bulk of his operative references, especially from the material covered in the chapter on the Politics of Homosexuality, that the bulk of this manuscript took shape about ten years ago.

Very highly recommended despite a cheap job of book production.

—JIM KEPNER

ANNE BAXTER (Continued From Page 25)

"Yes. From my first New York understudy who was twenty-three years old at the time. I used a good many of her mannerisms. She would get me behind a curtain and threaten to feed me a poisoned oyster. She was a very ambitious girl."

"How did you like working with Bette Davis?"

"Very much. She's a supremely professional woman and a great actress to boot. I'm very fond of her."

"Now then, you did 'All About Eve' and they made a musical version of it called 'Applause.' What did you think of it?"

"As an audience or as a performer?"

"You did it?"

"Yes. On Broadway for eight months. I replaced Lauren Bacall as Margo Channing."

"Who played your old part?"

"Penny Fuller."

"Why I know her! She's excellent. I was introduced to her backstage at the Old Globe Theatre in San Diego where she played 'Twelfth Night' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' Did you enjoy doing 'Applause?'"

"It was a great challenge. I had never sung before. I had never danced before. I am here to say that the musical theatre is without a doubt the most harrowing and grueling experience any performer could ever hope to accept."

"Do you think your play, 'A Song

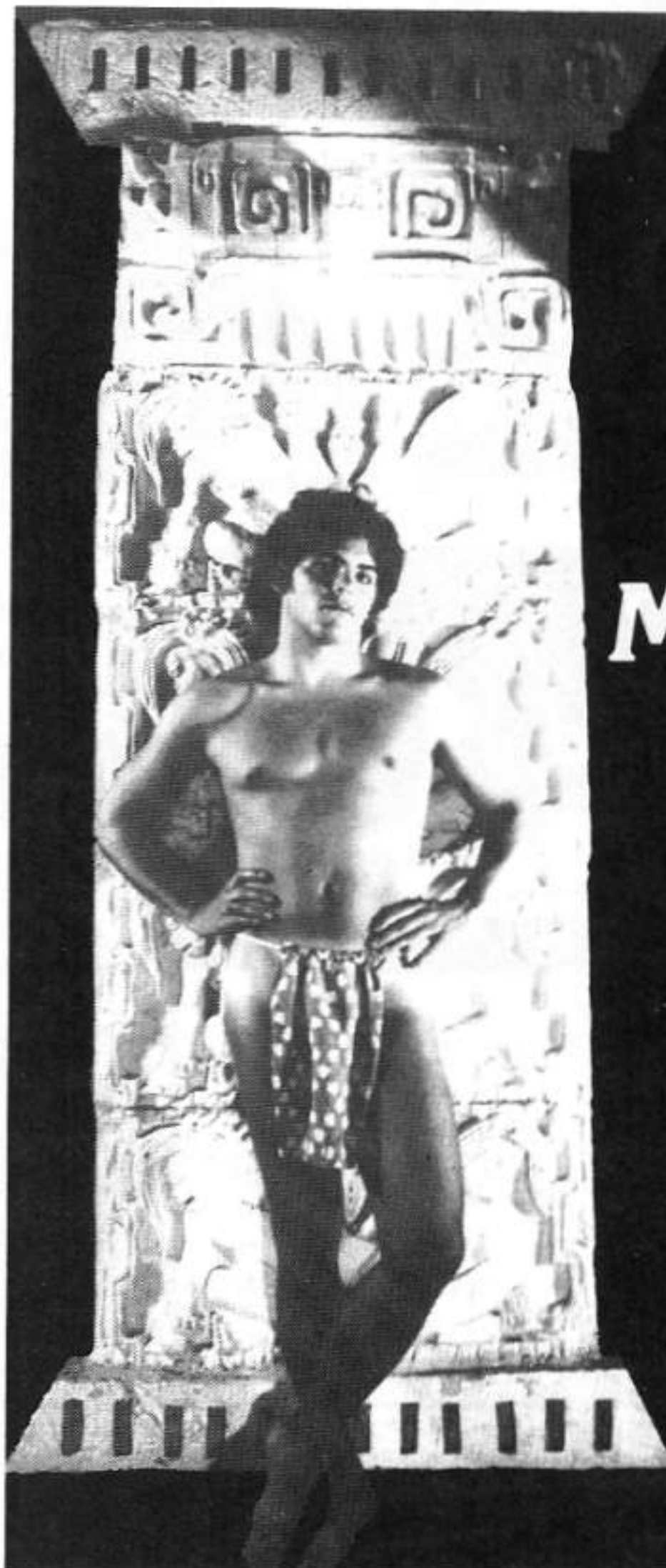
(Please Turn To Page 68)

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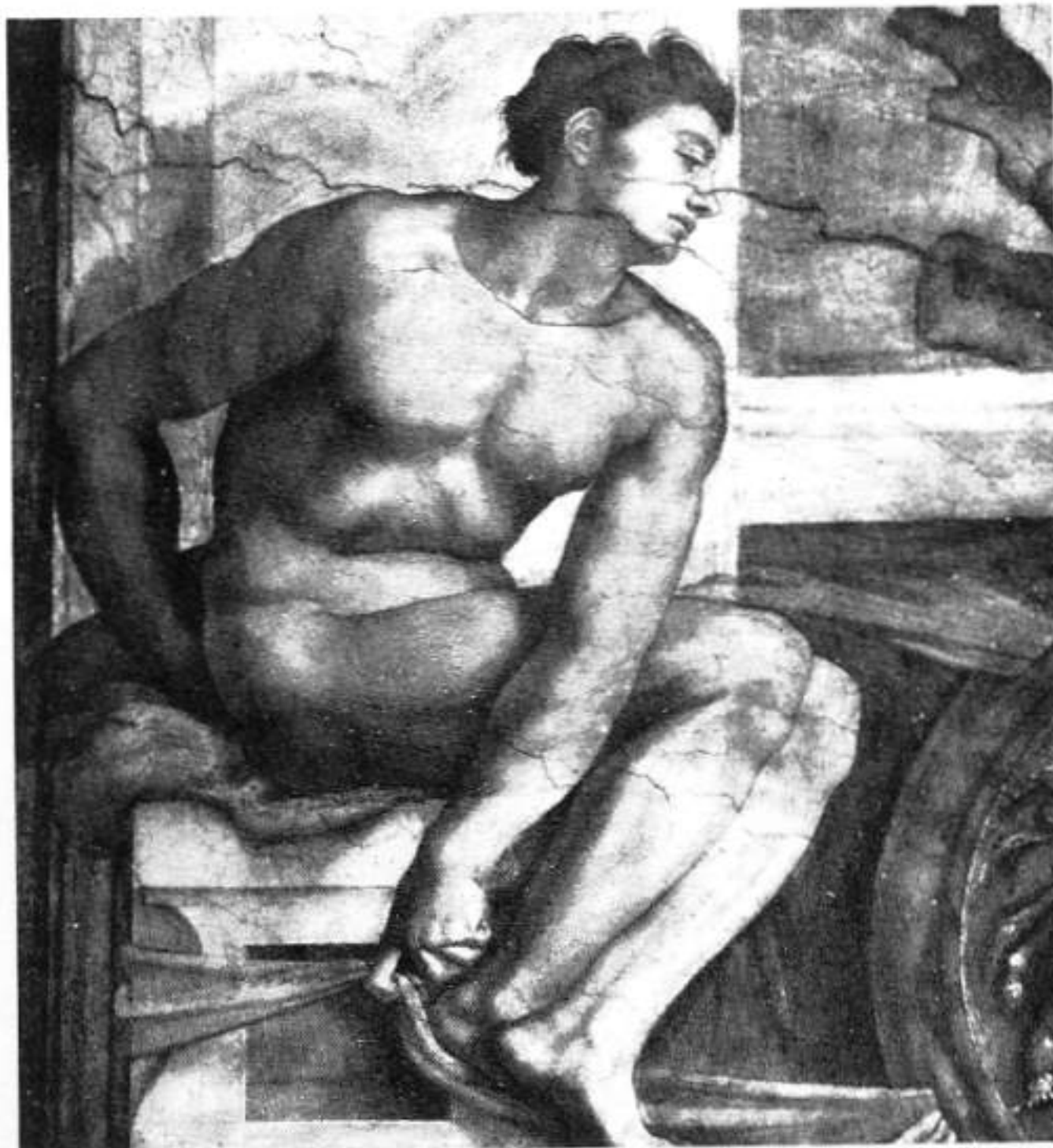


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In Touch BODY

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Tonight, my interests drifted toward the unusual. Being alone, I decided to check out some of the bars off the main drag. There were some I had never been to. Though I seldom drink, one can meet interesting people in some of these offbeat hideouts late at night. I entered one and cruised the place. It was dark. Over in the corner, I thought I saw someone familiar to me. The bar was crowded and the music was loud. Someone called out to me from one of the tables. He could barely be heard over the music and noise. His arms were recognizable before his face. We trained together a long time ago at one of the gyms in North Hollywood.

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We looked for a quiet table. Our conversation immediately turned toward bodybuilding. We discussed various good and bad points of some of the bodybuilders who competed with us at Mr. Southwest States physique contest the other night. A few novices that noticed us in the bar, came up to our table and began asking us questions. One particularly valid one was, "Does bodybuilding affect one's endurance?"

My friend and I talked about it. Many people think that weight training is harmful to cardiovascular endurance. I have seen many top flight bodybuilders, without prior endurance training, run great distances. Others had difficulty running short distances. This alarmed me as there must have been differences in those who weight trained. I checked my own and found it adequate but I could have used more stamina than I had. Obviously, it seems logical that the way one trains with weights, will affect one's endurance. There were certain bodybuilders that I knew who had endurance in many other things as well.

My friend and I began to reflect on the workout routines of these athletes. None of these bodybuilders ran. We did recall most of them working out hard, with heavy, strict movements however. Most of them were quite strong and performed many sets (or groups of movements) for each part of the body. They did not rest long between sets and were working out with an almost fanatical intensity. The effects of the intense training had apparently kept their hearts beating at such a high pace that they didn't need to run. Their workouts were so difficult that even some moderate bodybuilders could not perform them. They were at or near the summit of their physical capacity with weights. Their muscular mass and definition was approaching a limit. It could be seen that weights, if used with great intensity, could be beneficial to one's endurance.

For beginners however, and those who are not ready to enter the Mr. America contest, the workout required strictly from lifting weights would most likely be too severe to obtain heart and lung endurance.

For any beginner wishing to increase his endurance along with his bodybuilding program, jogging would be the answer. If one is overweight, a total beginner, or an older individual, we would suggest that he check his physical condition with his doctor before undertaking any physical program of exercise.

An individual wishing to gain weight and increase his endurance at the same time will have to, of course, consume more food of a good quality. This would allow him to gain muscle weight, with bodybuilding, while increasing his endurance with running. If he found himself not making his desired muscle gains, he should lay off the running for a week at a time. Gains then will take place without a loss of endurance in most cases.

By now, it was getting late. I decided to go out and check my endurance with a run through the Hollywood Hills before I went back home to hit the sack.

—DAVID CARTER



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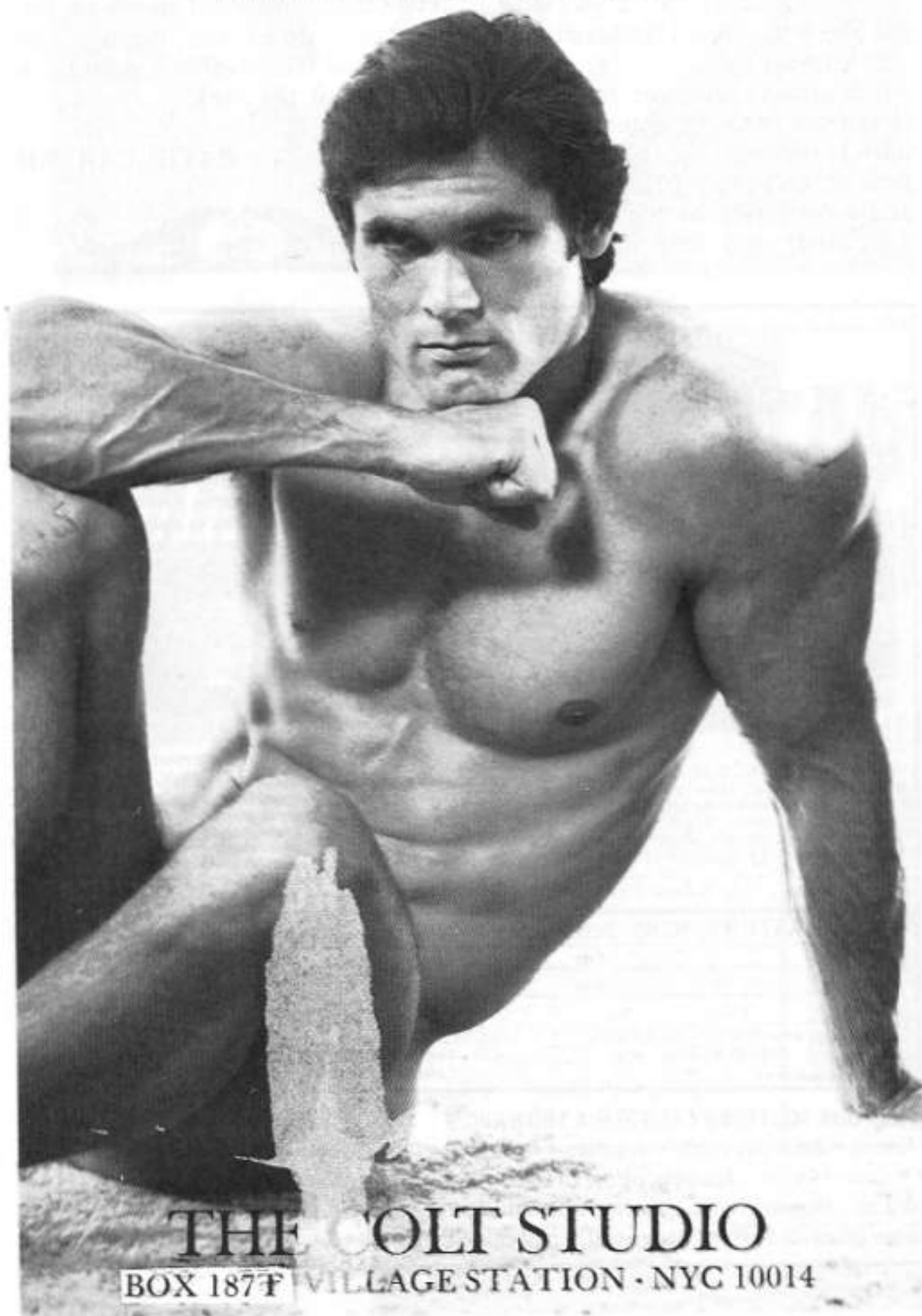
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ANNE BAXTER (Continued From Page 65)

at *Twilight*, is based on the life of Somerset Maugham?"

"No, I think it's Noel Coward's rebuttal to that sort of attitude. It's an honest approach to homosexuality. For many, many years Maugham's attitude was anything but honest in regard to it. At the age of 88, he finally owned up to it. But, until then, he made a lot of people suffer."

"Yes. He excoriated that wife of his in print on several occasions."

"But it isn't just Maugham. It's an amalgam in our play. Max Beerbohm had a German wife who did his translations for him and who acted as a facade."

"How do you like playing Coward?"

"I find it fascinating doing two totally different women and I think Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn both feel the same way about their roles."

"It was originally 'Suite in 3 Keys.' Why was the second key dropped?"

"Because it wasn't very good. Mr. Coward, himself, wasn't very happy with it. So it was decided to shorten 'A Song at Twilight' (which was originally intended to be a full evening's bill) and to add the better play to it as a single program. This is what we are now doing. If Mr. Coward had lived, he would have done the same thing, himself."

"Did you know Sir Noel well?"

"No, I didn't. I met him socially and that's all."

"Have you wanted to do other plays of his?"

"Yes. I'm particularly fond of 'The Vortex.' I've always wanted to do it but I don't know what it would be like now."

"Let me ask you a question or two about Australia where you went to live with your former husband, Randolph Galt. How did you like that country?"

"I loved the people but I found it very harsh."

"Harsh because it's so empty?"

"Yes and because I led such an isolated life."

"If your life had not been so isolated, would you still have stayed there?"

"Oh, I don't know. There were so many reasons as to why I was there. That's a very difficult question."

"Did you have any desire to play

there? There's quite a demand for performers."

"It was just too difficult. We were just too far away. I did do one film in England, a strange picture called 'Mix Me A Person.' And then I came to California and did a picture with Jane Fonda and a cat called 'A Walk on the Wild Side.'"

"Who were your favorite directors?"

"I don't have a favorite anything. But I liked Joe Mankiewicz. He was superb. Bill Wellman . . . Orson Welles. I wish he'd do more today. He's a marvelous craftsman."

"What might be your most electrifying experience in the theatre?"

"Any opening night."

"Are you terribly nervous?"

"Scared to death and can't wait. You're so terribly exposed out there."

"Have you ever been nominated for an Academy Award?"

"Yes. I've been nominated and I've won one. I won it for 'The Razor's Edge' and I was nominated for 'All About Eve.'"

"When you conclude your run here, what will you do then?"

"I will devote myself full-time to a book I'm writing."

"Is it a memoir?"

"It's the story of my four years in Australia. Sort of a personal earthquake. I'm on the final rewrite now."

"Who's bringing it out?"

"Putnam. And now Mr. Leopold, you must go. I must get my rest before tonight's performance."

Miss Baxter smiled and opened the door. I thanked her profusely for the interview, one of my better ones, and started down the stairs thinking:

"Now we shall really find out All About Anne." ○

UNCLE MILTIE (Continued From Page 51)

life, the public can no longer deny that homosexuality is here to stay. Whether TV viewers agree or disagree with this lifestyle, the fact remains that gays are real people and must be included in any real representation of contemporary life.

It is not overly optimistic, surprisingly enough, to say that more positive references are made in regard to gay life than negative references. In our present social climate it is permissible to joke about anything, including minorities, but the unwritten law is that those

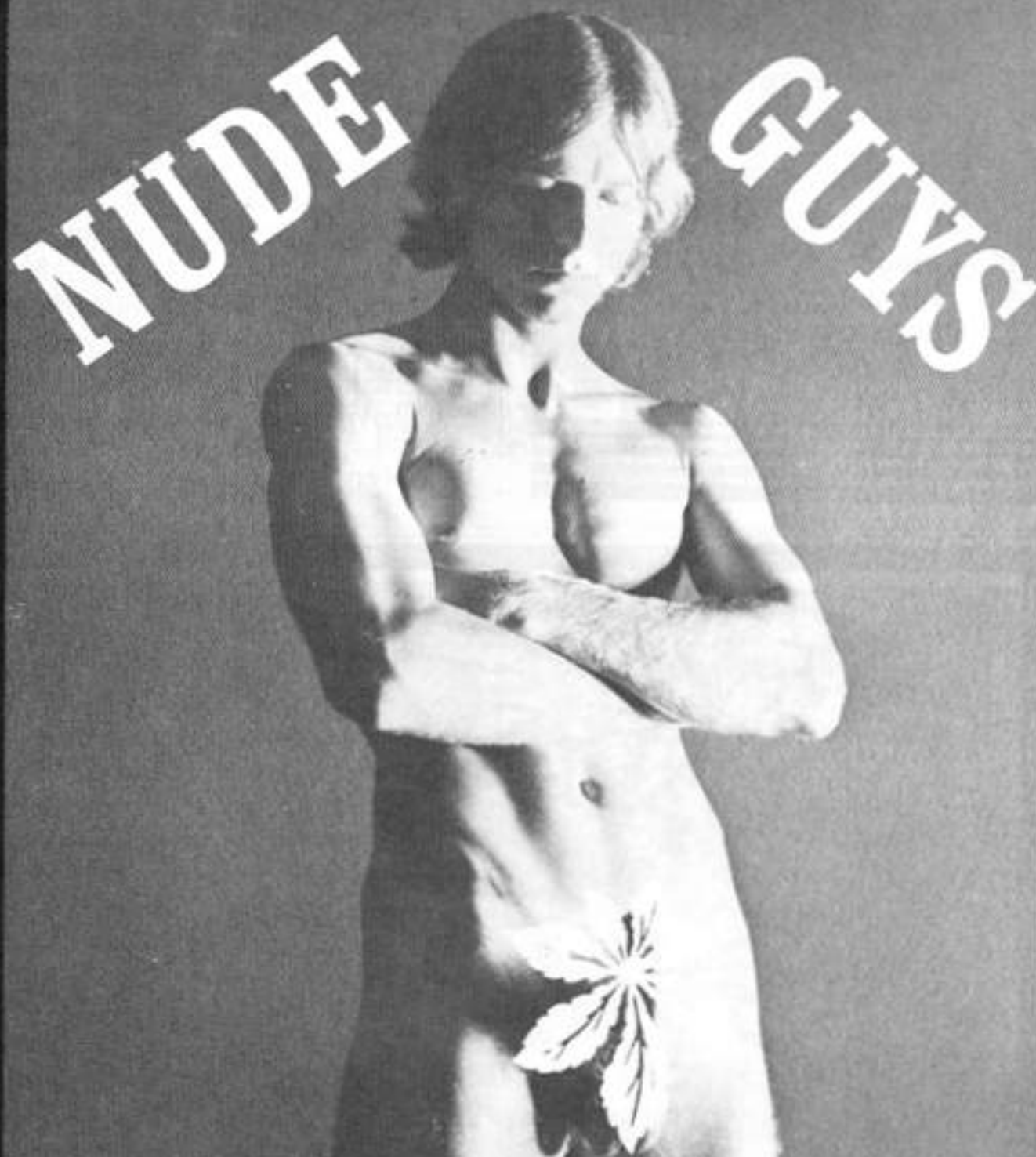
(Please Turn To Page 72)

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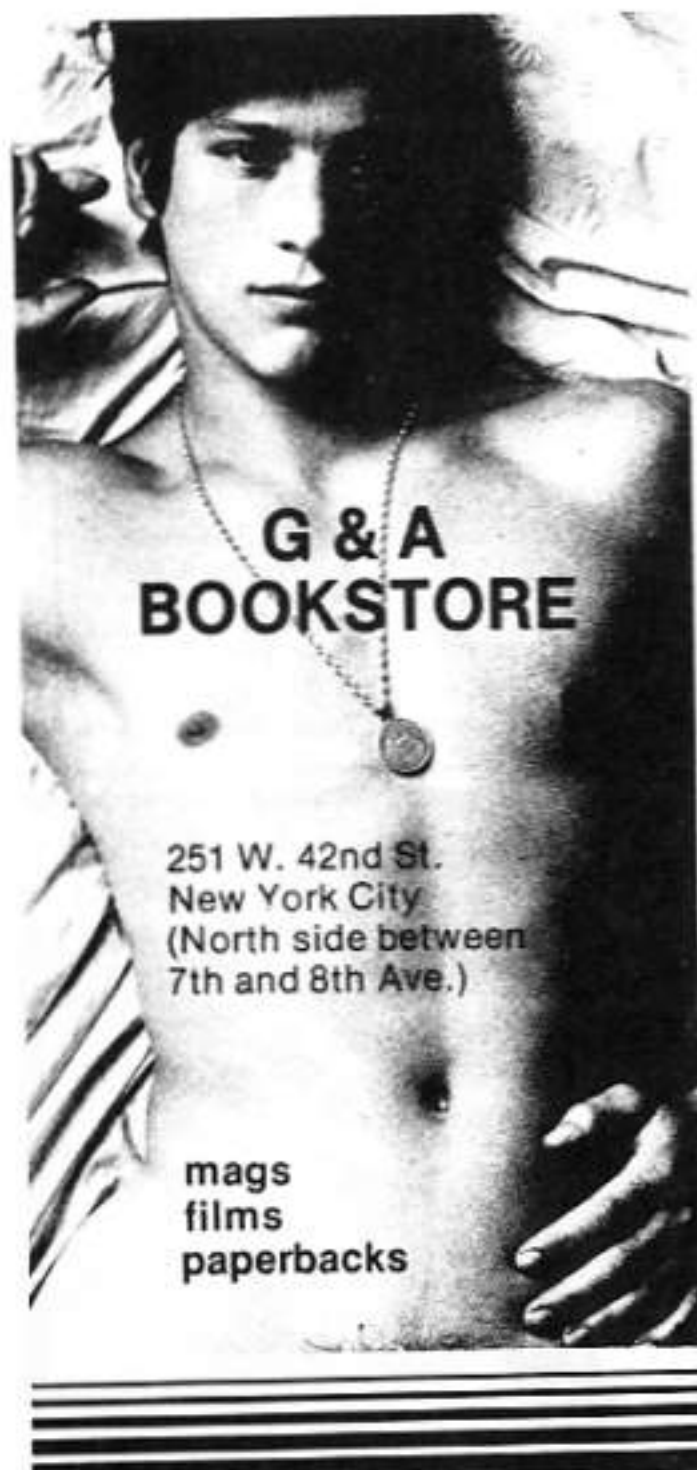
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GIFT GIVING

By JEREMY HUGHES

For a group among whose more positive attributes "creativity" is supposedly high on the list, we seem to get mighty uncreative when it comes to choosing Christmas gifts for our One and Sometimes Only. There, under the tree, inevitably, will be record albums (this year's top choice: "A Chorus Line"), books (Mary Renault's new "The Nature of Alexander"), and fancy scents (are you absolutely sure he likes Son of Locker Room Aroma?).

Well, the least we can do to heighten some little element of

suspense is to wrap the gifts so as to leave the contents mysteriously unknown until merrily revealed. But how can you practice deceit when doing up such give-away shapes as a record album, or a book, or a bottle of cologne? I thought you'd never ask.

The simple secret is to select or devise a container that is inappropriate to the contents: i.e., prop up that LP from corner to opposite corner in a corrugated carton from the supermarket and fill in those two empty triangular spaces with crumpled-up pages from an old *Advocate* (don't bother checking the date first, there isn't any other kind). Then wrap: ribbon: relish.

Or, tape 4-inch strips of construction paper together until you can fashion a circle with a circumference of 17 1/2-inches, just enough to snugly encompass that LP horizontally. When gaily gift-wrapped, this looks either to be a huge box of bon bons or a licorice pizza. A larger tube, 12 1/2-inches in both depth and circumference, encloses records vertically, and ends up looking like a box for a top hat. Just what he always wanted.

Incidentally, if, in your quiet



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desperation, you've gotten him a necktie — just "out" enough almost to be "in" — cut two pieces of cardboard to the size of an LP jacket and fold that piece of haberdashery between them for wrapping. This also works for camouflaging handkerchiefs, cravats, foulards, and just plain silk scarves, not to mention gift certificates, subscriptions to *IN TOUCH*, and/or cash, if you are that courageously crass.

Books are not so devilishly difficult to disguise as you might think, either. Any relatively standard size tome may be opened at the half-way point and packaged in an ordinary shirt box. It can also, but closed, of course, be catty-cornered in a shoe box. Cocktail table display-type volumes offer themselves to handling in the same manner as LPs, especially for your self-made circular containers (see above).

Cologne bottles are invidious because they have a relentless tendency to gurgle. O.K., so ask yourself what else gurgles. You're right! Booze. Back to the old construction paper, to fabricate a tube or box that would seem to indicate its contents to be a bottle of scotch or Kahlua. Plunge your little giftie into

its depths and fill in those wide open spaces with cotton or more crumpled paper balls.

Also, how about some ingenuity this year in the wrapping you use? Pages from a gay newspaper can be fun (if carefully selected); as well as aluminum foil, particularly if decorated with a holly sprig; stark white sketching paper; wallpaper samples; a bandana; and even an ordinary brown paper supermarket bag, cut open and turned inside out, covered with a glittering layer of your favorite plastic wrap.

Enfin, mes amis, there is absolutely no need whatsoever to spend good, hard-earned bread on endless yards of that dreadfully shreddable red and green plastic ribbon. For your final touch, use yarn, vegetable-dyed string or hemp or jute or old sneaker laces, or that necktie you never could stand. You can even draw glorious ribbons and bows directly onto the paper with colorful felt-tip pens or Charles Nelson Reilly's Bic Banana.

In conclusion, if you're still paying attention, the basic point to bear in mind is that this extra personal effort increases the joys of both giving and receiving — and isn't that what Christmas is really all about? ○

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minorities must get the better end of the deal in order to make sure that they are treated fairly. This is not phony liberalism, either. It is simply an awareness that minorities in the past have been viciously maligned and a willingness to honestly reverse that trend.

Even as the negative image of gays is all but disappearing in television, there is a marked increase in the number of good things we see and hear. The news reporters, especially since the recent legalization of sexual behavior between consenting adults here in California, are becoming familiar with the term "Gay" so that they no longer feel they have to explain it to the listeners.

In programs as well, mentioning gay people and seeing gay characters in plots is becoming as commonplace as talking about the weather and seeing black people in the neighborhood. There is even a recent commercial for a large chain of hamburger restaurants in which couples (some with children) are shown happily buying hamburgers and fries — and one of the couples is two fellas!

It is just this kind of nonchalant attitude towards people who just happen to be gay that will lead quite naturally into first a regular gay character in some TV series (already seen in ABC's short-lived "Hot L. Baltimore"), then a series based on the gay lifestyle.

Any number of shows on TV right now could inconspicuously begin their next season with the addition of a character who is openly gay. He could be Archie Bunker's mailman, or one of the men who works at Findlay's Appliance Store (the "Maude" series). He could be Mary Tyler Moore's new best friend in Minneapolis (now that Rhoda has left for her own show!), or Bob Newhart could have a regular patient who happens to be gay, but talks about psychological problems which are common to all people, such as insomnia or overeating. Almost any TV show could have a gay office worker, or gay next-door-neighbor. When this takes place, it will only be a small step up to the all-gay series.

There are several possibilities, too, which could be used as the basis for this series on gay themes. "The Boys in the Band" would be a usable vehicle for such a series, if the negative stereotypes and tragic theme of that play were somehow removed and

replaced with positive gay images. The basic idea of "Cabaret" would make another good show, being the adventures of a woman and two men, all of whom are friends and each of whom sleeps with either of the other two! A third possibility is the now-classic farce, "Norman, Is That You?", the story about a family which discovers that their son's roommate is more than just a friend!

It is true enough, what with beautiful guys and a few references to gays here and there, that television has come a long way since Uncle Miltie, and it is fun to watch TV even without a continuous presentation based on our lifestyle. But the time is right, the climate is favorable, and the American audience is almost susceptible enough to accept our way of life in a regular television series. Let's give it a year, or two at the most, and see what happens! ○

BEHIND BARS (Continued From Page 35)

they respond quickly to the media accounts of gay activism. The homosexual drive for social, legal and political acceptance fires their hopes, unchains their ambitions, and toughens their determination to gain freedom and join the fight for gay liberation.

Unfortunately most gay liberation groups have been deaf to the cries of their convict brothers. Only recently has the Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles, utilizing federal court pressure, obtained permission to minister to gays inside. And if the Department of Corrections continues its past patterns, it will find a way to knick-knack the agreement until it is useless.

The penal system has changed its treatment of other minorities as outside groups mobilized publicity and leadership to attack the prejudicial actions of prison administrators. Will the free gay community rise to take up the struggle of the imprisoned gays? Can gay lib leap prison walls and bring fairness, justice, and self-respect to the gays inside? ○



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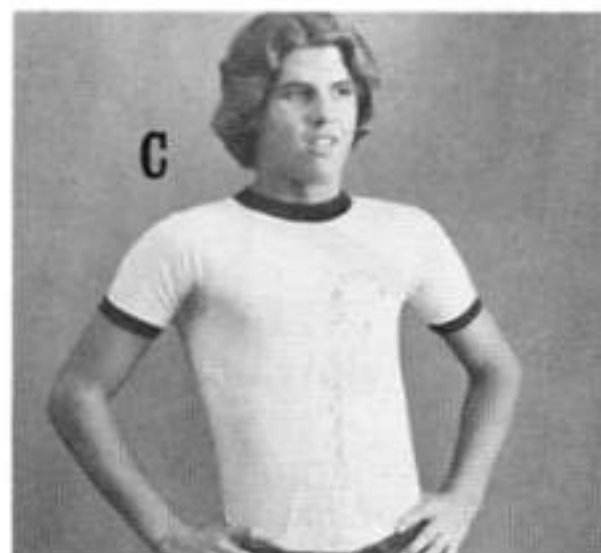


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SCT

In the Social Closet

I am sorry to say that at age 33, I have not been able to come out of my social closet. I have been conditioned by school (B.A.), family and co-workers to inhibit my gay inclinations. I have not stood up to be counted over the jokes, sly-looks, and many wear-down situations we face in the straight world every day.

I have many straight friends who are male and I treasure them very much. I have many married friends and am a Godfather plus four. I am a person who truly values these friendships and feel shamed that I have to keep my private self away from these people to keep their concept of me. Yes, because I hold something of myself back, there is somewhat of a dishonesty in such friendships, lessening their value between us all.

I also have a group of very fine and warm gay friends, mostly couples who live somewhat like myself. They are super and have total concepts of themselves as human beings. I have mixed these groups on occasion and we all have enjoyed one another, but not to the fullest, because half the group could not open a very basic side of themselves — one of honesty among equals.

I have read much of open gays and the new honesty, but some of us have patterns of behavior that work for us and it's not easy being gay in small communities or large cities. The lack of humanness between people in general is even more vast when a minority situation is involved.

So forgive those of us who cannot even subscribe to your fine periodical because it is "too much ourselves." We've lived our workable patterns so long that throwing them away holds more terrors of restructuring our

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family situations and our lives then it seems reasonable to try. Hopefully the day will come when we can reasonably enter into the open ranks.

I love your magazine. The articles that stretch from both gay to straight lifestyles are informative and supply a needed balance between both worlds. Truly "in touch" with our surroundings in everyone's world. For I have respect and value for my straight friends sensibilities. Somewhere I'm sure that our friendships have enough value that the fear of discovery is nearly status-quo comfortableness and if the truth were known there would be no shunning and we'd find that human values and friendships, sharing and caring is what keeps us truly "In Touch."

I hope someday that I will come to care this one way about a special person. I've been aware of my gayness over 20 years and have had one long term relationship that has never been replaced by bars, hunting, or sexual contact. The trappings of gayness leave me cold; the friendships, warmth, humor, and depth of feelings gay people have is what is real to me and all my straight and gay friends have it all together. There is no difference between people who have these values. We all as people cross barriers in feelings.

SPM

You've Gone Too Swank

I do not care for your magazine nearly as much now as I did a year ago. You've gone too swank, but you're still head and shoulders above all other publications in the field.

Suggestion: How about candid photographs of the various events in and about L.A. & S.F. Remember, we're interested but it's impossible for us throughout the country to attend. Remember "Life Goes to a Party?" It was very successful!

Bill Fendley

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ANNIVERSARY TIME



By JEREMY HUGHES

The impermanence that pervades the lifestyle of many gays causes us to fix fiercely onto those few handholds in our lives that promise continuity. We are great ones, for example, to mark such "anniversaries" as "the day I first met him," "the night we first went to bed together (with luck, the same date)," "the Saturday I emptied one of my closets and he moved his stuff in."

Any one of these, and others, can

occasion a sentimental celebration when that particular date rolls around one week, one month, six months, one year, two years, five years (again, with luck) later. As this is the second anniversary year of IN TOUCH, we felt some suggestions for making anniversaries noteworthy would be appropriate.

First of all, remember that you don't have to throw that party on the exact date. Focus, rather, on the event itself, and give a wild

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thought to going along with the latest Hollywood trend toward the mid-week, instead of the traditional Saturday night, celebration (and if you don't believe me, just ask "J.T.").

Secondly, consider the fact that anniversaries are numbered, and that there can be magic in numbers, and that numbers appear in a variety of places: on playing cards, dice, most license plates, clocks and watches, Social Security cards, TV and radio dials, etc., all in addition to calendars. Any one of these could provide an unusual theme or springboard for that special fiesta.

Third, please don't forget that an anniversary is a shared experience — else it wouldn't exist. Segment your celebration, so that each of you assumes total responsibility for specific functions of the festivities: he decorates, you cook; you tend bar, he takes charge of the entertainment; he chooses the tapes, you empty the ashtrays (often, please!).

Fourth, make absolutely certain that your guests are fully cognizant of what is being commemorated, and, most especially, whether or

not a token of some kind is expected. It is embarrassing beyond belief to be the only guest at a party to arrive without (or even with) a gift. "Bring something fun, suggesting the number _____, not costing more than two bucks" can make the evening.

Fifth, know how to end this kind of party, so that you and yours can go about your own private enjoyments in honor of the event. Nothing works so well in this case as straight-out honesty: "We hope you've had a marvelous time, but now Johnny and I want to be alone." Any guest who doesn't pick up on that deserves to be dropped from every list you have, and transferred to just one.

Finally, and I'm aware that what's to come makes all the above suggestions superfluous, why not limit the party to just the two of you? BUT, do make it a real party, just as if you were having twenty people in. Decorate, dress, use the fancy china and the real silver and the linen napkins with the matching table cloth.

And, as you prepare the table, place the two settings very close together. ○

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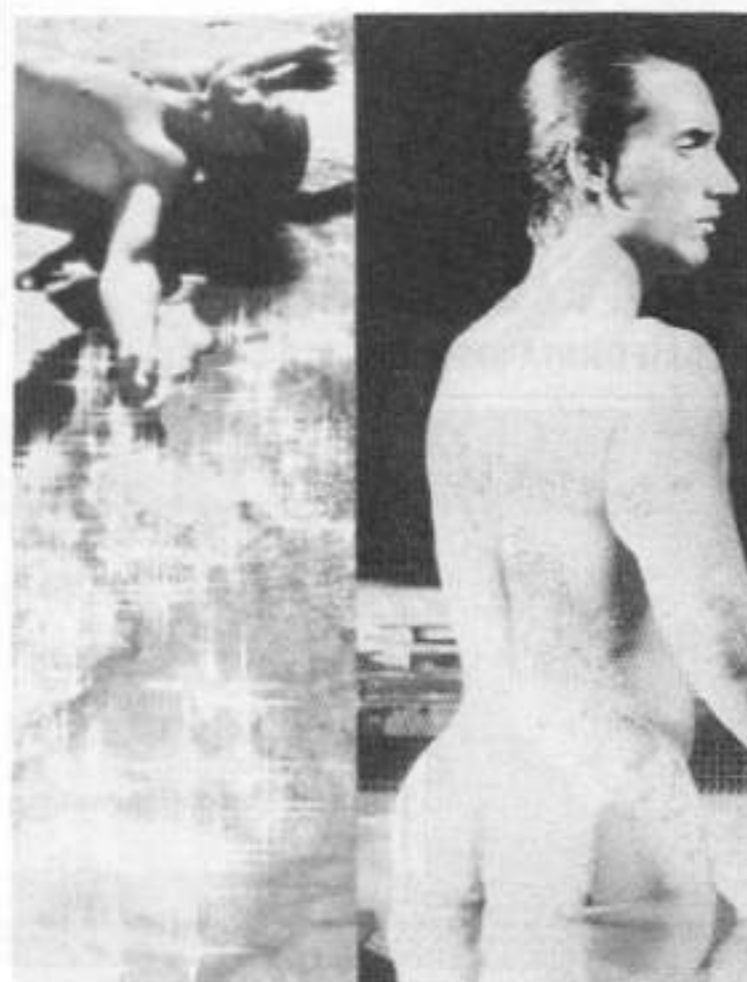
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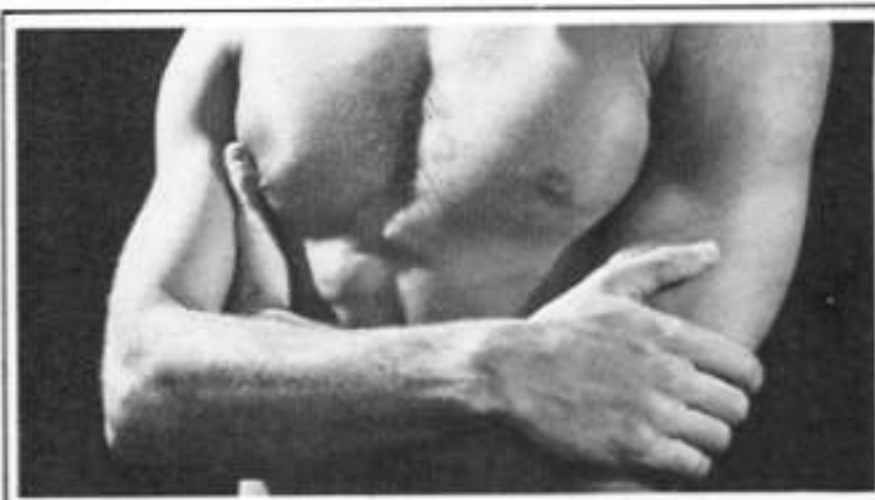
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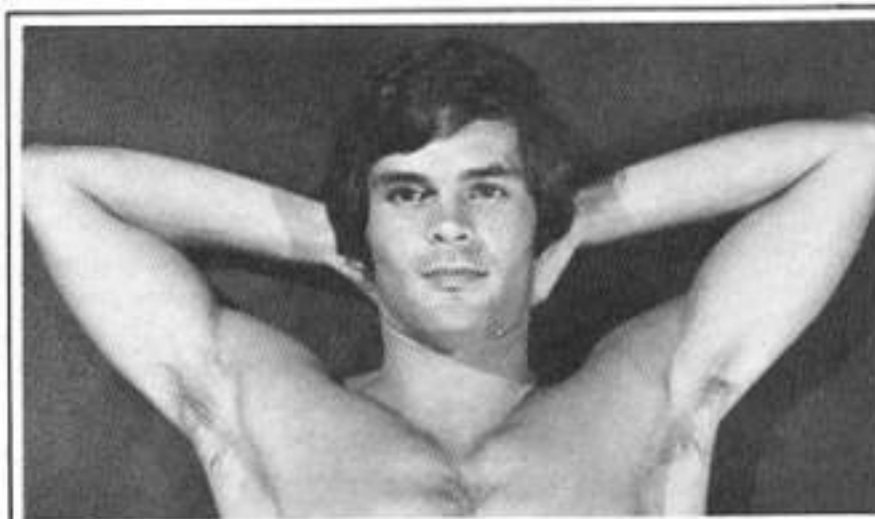


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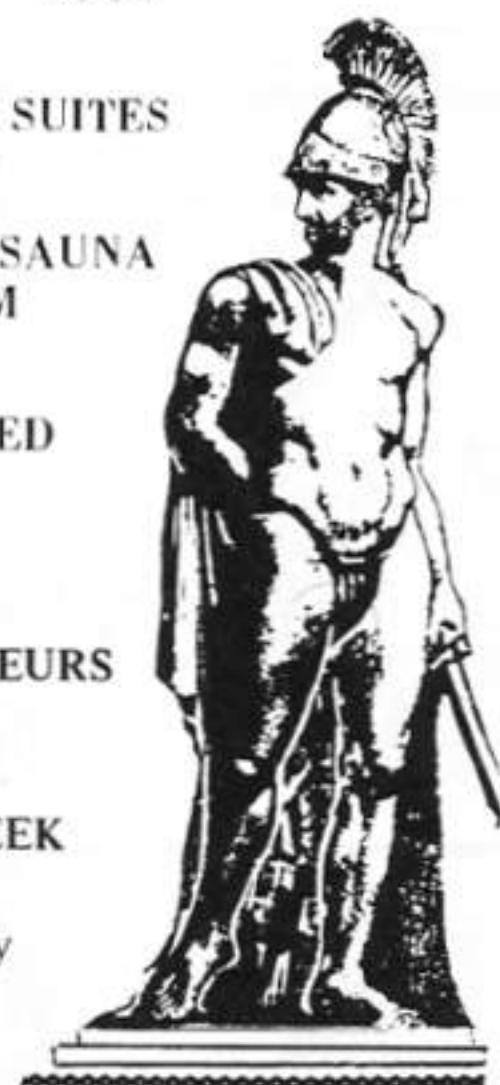
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"LIZ" (Continued From Page 42)

New chunks of the manuscript went first to Chartwell, who told me to send them to agent Robin French, who ultimately directed me to Aaron Frosch, Elizabeth's lawyer, in New York. Back came a letter with the following: "I take this occasion to point out to you that I know of no authority granted from Elizabeth Taylor Burton allowing the publication by you of a book relating to her, her life, her name and/or likeness. This is an asset belonging to Mrs. Burton. Her Right of Privacy is protected by the laws of New York State and various jurisdictions." Thus spake the Guardian at the Gates. Not promising.

No more so were initial contacts with publishers. An old friend introduced me to a man at the Pickwick Bookstore in Hollywood who knew all the West Coast publishing people. He read those first nine chapters, liked them, and got me a submission to Houghton-Mifflin in Boston. For about a year they kept taking chunks until they had 17 chapters, which they regretfully rejected — "too adulatory," and the experience Harper & Row had with Elizabeth's own memoir scared them. At least no

one had yet told me to give it all up and sell shoes.

By February, 1972, I'd done 21 chapters, taking the story up to the resumption of *Cleopatra* in Rome, and envisioned that as one book. The other would be called "Mrs. Richard Burton." Certainly there was enough material. Also that month ABC launched a new show, "Split Second," and me with it as one of the writers. My creditors breathed easier and the sheets got changed weekly. The manuscript went to World in New York, where a promising deal fell through; to Pyramid, which liked it but couldn't see it for their "Illustrated History of the Movies" series. Then my lucky number hit. The Pyramid editor went to a New York cocktail party and met a Doubleday editor who had heard about the ms. and asked to see it.

"I hope I wasn't presumptuous in sending your ms. off to Doubleday without your OK first," she wrote to me in November, 1972. Was she kidding? Doubleday subsequently promised a definite answer in the last week of January, 1973. At that point the correspondence between Aaron Frosch and myself had warmed to the point where he liked what he was

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reading (and then forwarding to Mrs. B. in Switzerland) and told me via phone: "When you get a publisher, we can talk about her cooperation and participation. And my feeling is that you'll get it." All systems seemed go.

On Monday of that last week in January I brought a bottle of champagne to the office and stuck it in the refrigerator. I just had a feeling. On Tuesday Anita the chief researcher inquired as to whose champagne that was. "Mine," I told her, and said nothing more. Thursday night was my regular night for hotline-crisis work at the Metropolitan Community Church and I was there when my roommate called. A telegram had just been delivered. "Open it." Contract approved — \$10,000 advance — details to follow. Home on the freeway floating somewhere between reality and unreality. The next day the "Split Second" staff shared the bottle of champagne.

As to specifics: Doubleday wanted it all in one book and by September

"She'll want veto power, cost money, and mean trouble. Stay away from her."

1. And what was this about Aaron Frosch and Elizabeth Taylor? "She'll want veto power, cost money, and mean trouble. Stay away from her." I protested in vain. There went my interviews with Elizabeth and Richard, plus such other key people as Roddy, Sara Taylor, Peter Lawford, Edith Head, Michael Wilding, Rock Hudson, etc. Without specific consent Elizabeth's friends don't talk. Period. Finishing it all by September meant quitting my job, which I did in mid-February.

That summer of 1973 in which those final nine chapters were finished was quite a summer for all of us. In June John's mother died, plunging him into a downward spiral of grief which was painful to behold. I'd previously told her that I intended to partially-dedicate the book to him. I wanted to surprise him with it. In July — July 3, to be precise — Elizabeth stunned the world with her request for a trial separation. At month's end she filed for a divorce. Fortunately I was just heading into Section IV of the book — "Mrs. Richard Burton" — but it meant a whole new slant. The horror known

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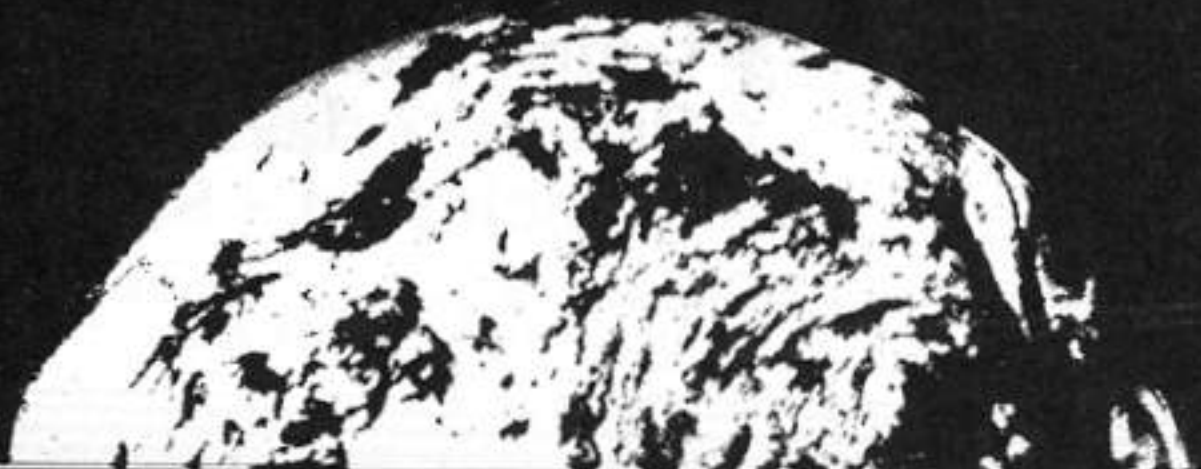
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as Watergate had begun to spread its tentacles in the spring, and now we were all witnesses of the daily spectacular from Washington with Senator Sam in the chair. So I was plugging into this horrendous history-in-the-making by day, trying to be available to John at a critical time, and driving myself nights to meet that deadline. It was met; the ending was sorrowful; the Burtons were kaput.

I spent September and right into October vegetating in the luxury of paying off bills (with the last half of the advance) and getting much-needed rest. The vacation ended October 21. That afternoon I attended a party with John. That night he went home and killed himself with an overdose of pills. Beloved John, whose image of himself never matched the fond, admiring picture others had of him. "To Elizabeth Taylor and To John Herington," the dedication reads, "Without Either of Whom This Book Would Not Have Been Possible." It is — and always will be — the eternal truth.

"Mmmm. Good pictures," she remarked

In November a major rumble from New York. The Sales Department loved the book and was very high on its prospects. But . . . at that length it would have to go out at \$15. Impossible. Ergo, 100 pages had to be chopped. Eeeek! My editors submitted a list of proposed cuts that sent me right through the ceiling and back in through the window. All the context of Hollywood and the MGM of the '40s and '50s I had carefully packed in around Elizabeth was to be bled white. I was desolate and fortunately my editors were no happier. I finally offered to carefully bleed out 50 pages and that operation took the next two months.

Meanwhile in December the Burtons had reconciled at UCLA Medical Center. Oh-oh. Well, the galleys were due in March. Galleys are long sheets with the first printing compressed on them and are submitted for careful proofreading before final printing. I'd attend to up-dating then. I was just finishing this task in April when Elizabeth and Richard again blew apart, this time up on a movie location in Oroville, Calif. This was really getting to be fun. I rewrote the last five pages —

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again — and sent it all off to New York in fear and trembling. I thought semi-seriously of sending Elizabeth a note, pleading: "Do nothing more till September."

In May the Sales Department was heard from again. Great book. But . . . there was still that length. \$12.50 minimum. Not a good price. At that point I offered to shave my percentages slightly to send it out at \$10. Agreed. Even though it cost me money — and at a time when I was begging, borrowing and stealing from every relative and friend to stay afloat — I'll never regret it. They say it's almost unheard-of for an author's first book to go without major rewriting. Well, you're reading about one. The book is exactly as I wrote it.

It came out in September, 1974, right in the middle of a stiff recession inflamed by the oil crisis. Retrenchment was the order of the day and that meant publicity. One meager ad in the weekly *New York Times* and ditto in Los Angeles. No exciting, all-expenses-paid tour to the major cities. No "Today" tete-a-tete with Barbara What's-Her-Name. None of that. The vendetta Doubleday was then waging with Southern California's largest bookselling chain didn't help either since new Doubleday product was verboten. The Doubleday West Coast p.r. lady did line up two local TV shows and a radio shot. Finally I went home to Boston on family business and got 2 TV shows, 2 radio shows, and 3 newspaper interviews for myself.

Elsewhere: the book came out in England last February (and the English paperback follows next February). U.S. paperback rights sold to Warner for a \$25,000 advance against royalties, and that edition came out in September. Reviews across the country: a few scathing, most solidly favorable, several enthusiastic and personally flattering. Over and above all of the joys and sorrows was the realization of that dream that began back on Waterloo Bridge, or in the summer of '44, or wherever. What I had seen at Goldwyn that day I could finally hold in my hand. Now it sits on the shelf reminding me of other dreams waiting for fulfillment. And what does Elizabeth think about it all?

"Mmmm. Good pictures," she remarked when she first thumbed through the copy I sent her. I'd spent almost \$600 tracking down 293 pictures from 11 separate sources.

(Please Turn To Page 86)

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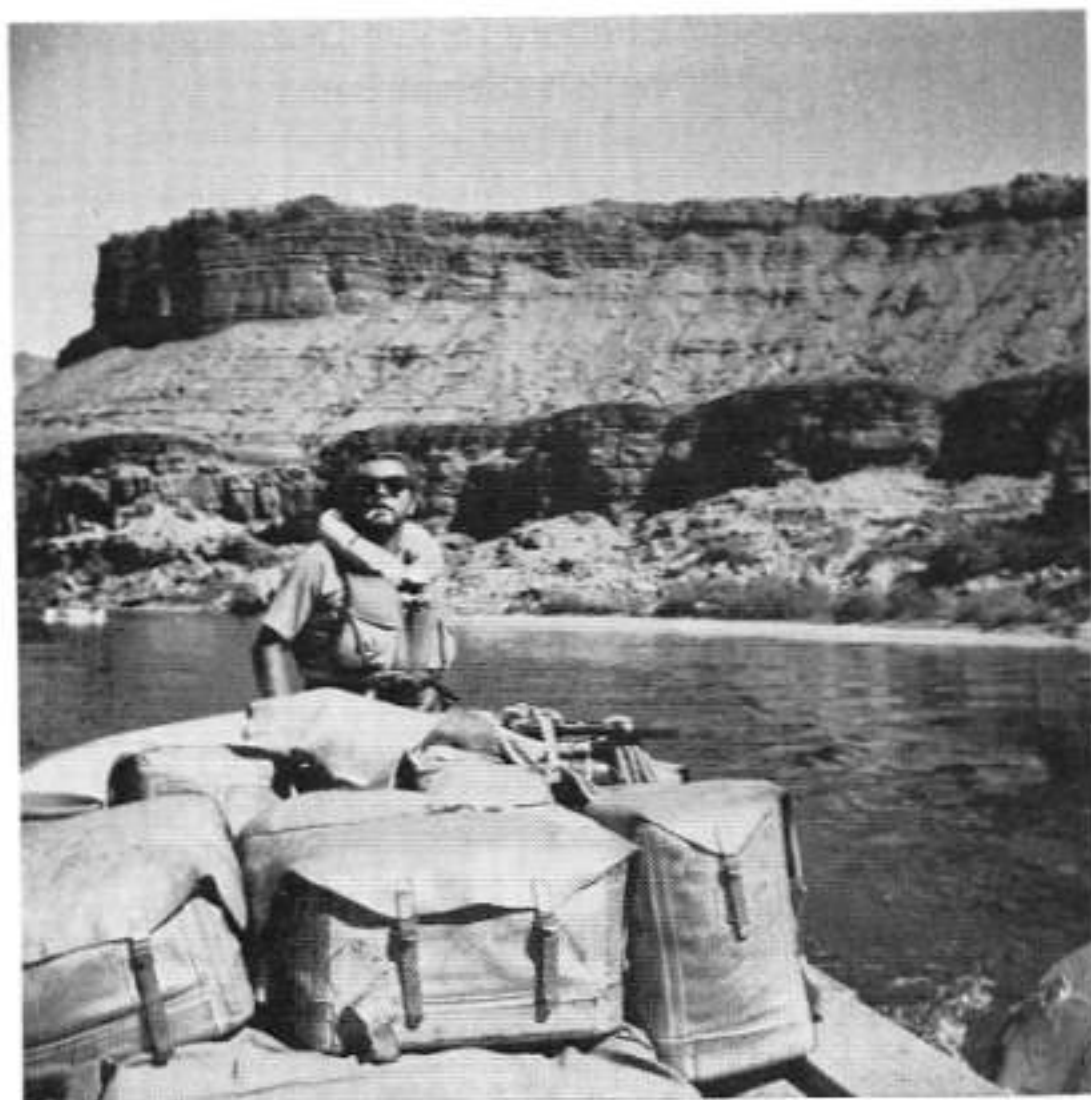
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SAN FRANCISCO: New Mayor George Christopher and new topcop talking about stopping city's traditional graft and vice. Cops miffed by new chief's ban on rakeoff, and department morale reported at all-time low. . . . Keno's (restaurant popular with younger gay set) closed due to presence of B-girls next door. . . .

SHARP'S PARK (South of San Francisco): Hazel's Bar invaded by 35 "peace officers" (sheriffs, MP's, Alcoholic Beverage Control agents and hiway patrolmen) joining undercover men already inside (one with silver-blue dyed hair). Over 200 customers lined up for identification. 77 men, 10 women and 3 teenagers loaded in van, booked in Redwood City on vagrancy charges and bailed at \$50 each. Bar operator Helen Nickola charged on two counts of permitting dancing: \$250 bail.

Sheriff Earl Whitmore had jumped onto bar, shouted, "This is a raid!" He later said, with transportation, he could have netted 100 more busts. He'd been

1975 AGO

checking bar since December when crowds began — “to make perfectly clear to these people that we won’t put up with this sort of thing.”

Part-time judge Thomas Bocci, a realtor in real life, gave mass trial to 23 (all had pleaded not guilty, and demanded separate trials) and found all guilty. All appealing, with ACLU and Mattachine support. Liquor Board Administrator Fullenwider acts to suspend license as “a hangout for perverts” — a recent Calif. law justifying suspension on such grounds. Lt. Don Scott of S.F. sex detail said, “Good! We’re keeping the heat on them here.” (Note: appeal of this and related Black Cat and other cases established right of association for gays in bars.)

ST. LOUIS: Dr. Wm. H. Masters says Third Sex — the neuter gender — is increasing, as many “former males and females” fail to secrete adequate hormones during the aging process. Ages vary, but some women reach this stage before they are 50, some men not ’til after 70, suffering from lack of cleanliness.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Patrolman Orme citing motorist on Lee Highway when two pedestrians head for bushes. Orme caught one, a “rugged type,” took his gun and locked him up. Another “rugged type” surrendered shortly at precinct house “for those Virginia stickups,” since his jail buddy’d been nabbed, and “when we got off the road gang, we were going straight. And we did, for two months. . . .”

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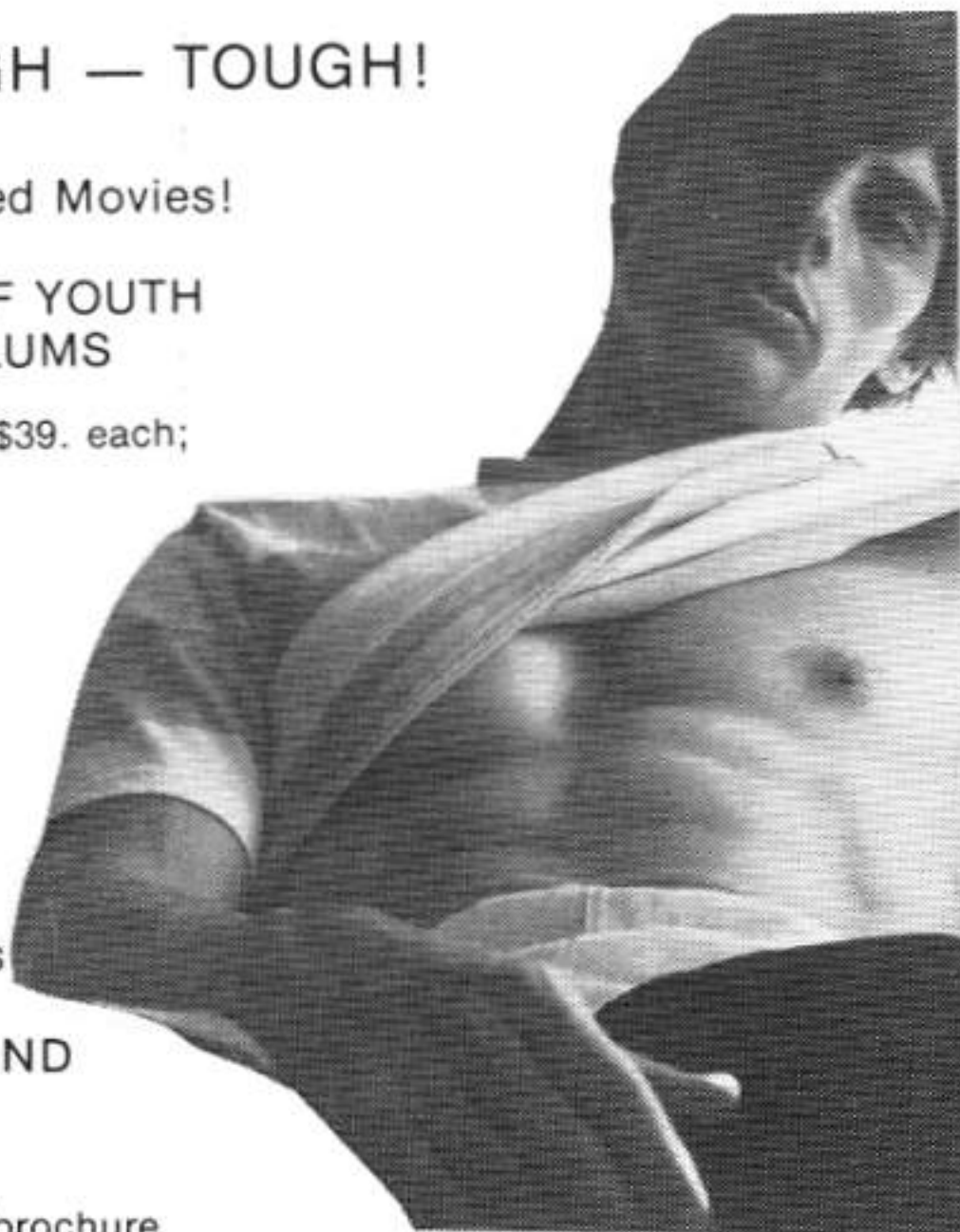
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David Newman

"LIZ" (Continued From Page 83)

Doubleday selected 53 of them. Her approval made it seem worth it. She subsequently sent me a message that she had never been into reading about herself; after all the garbage I had waded through I could believe it. Her divorce having become final in July she was certainly not into reading about herself now. But she had friends she trusted who had read it and found it decent, fair, well-researched and well-written. And she wished me all the luck in the world with it. Now that she and Richard have reconciled and retied the knot, those good wishes are mutual.

DICK SHEPPARD is a staff counselor at the Gay Community Services Center in Hollywood, and Chairman of Los Angeles Integrity, an organization for gay Episcopalians and friends of gay Episcopalians. He is currently at work on THE NEWMANS: Paul and Joanne, also for Doubleday.

SAMMY WILLIAMS (Continued From Page 59)

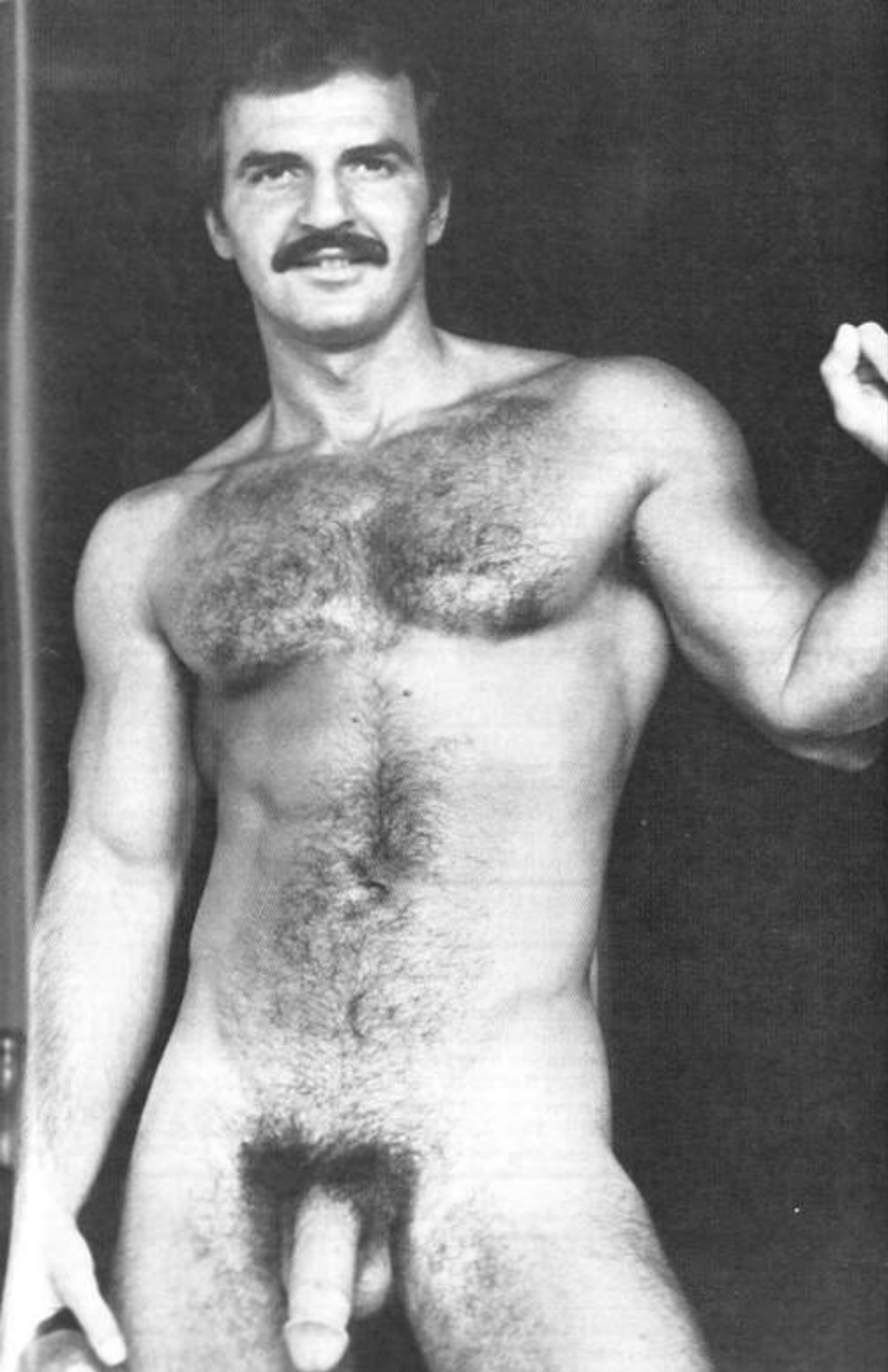
Sammy: Yes.

In Touch: How does it feel to watch someone else acting your life story?

Sammy: It's become his life story. He's so natural with it. You see, the parts are tailored to everyone in the show so that the line between acting and reality is very, very fine. So it's like my story has actually become his story.

In Touch: Why did you say that you felt your career had started going downhill?

Sammy: Because I hadn't done anything really good. And I was getting bored and ready to say "I've had it with dancing." And one of the questions Michael asked when we auditioned for the show was "What are your plans?" I said, "Well, I'm going to dance until I'm 30, and after that I don't know what..." And the reason for that is that I know so many people who are 30 to 35 and frustrated as hell. They have danced in the chorus since they were 18 and are still doing only that, nothing more. That's boring. So I said, if I don't make it in the business by the time I'm 30, I'm giving it up, I don't want to dance anymore. It's hard work dancing in the chorus, you become frustrated, and can become a really evil person. But Michael told me to trust him, that I would act first before I gave up dancing. I thought he was crazy. But he kept saying trust me, trust me. And I did, and here I am. I couldn't be happier. ○



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By ROGER ASQUITH

HOROSCOPE

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

For the first few weeks of the period you will run around getting nowhere. Slow down and let someone else do your thing . . . it's better that way. Never bite off more than you can chew these days; apart from being indigestible, it's greedy and leaves somebody short. Sure, we all know there is enough to go around, but apparently it's only you that can find it. Thank your lucky stars you know where it's at. Buy that little present for yourself, even though you have a birthday soon. Friends may offer you a lot, but you can't always take it.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

There seems to be some upheaval ahead. A new job or a new apartment or maybe a new close associate. Whoever or whatever, it will make a pleasant change. Take it in your stride, which doesn't mean you have to go street walking. An old friend will make a nuisance of himself if you give him too much rope. One night on the couch is enough. Curb your generosity and only give where it's needed and likely to show some returns. If you've put on a little weight lately, go jogging — you'll be amazed what you'll catch if you run after it.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Have you been to any new places in the last few weeks? You should. Show the flag. Let a few more people know that you're available. Perhaps you have been hiding your light under a bush; you should know there's not much point in doing that unless you've beaten it first. Anyway . . . bushes are not for you, not with your bedroom eyes. Accept all invitations for whatever you fancy. Take along a little gift, even if you can't wrap it. Your warm presence will be appreciated at parties. Join in the fun and games, especially humping the host or hostess. Enjoy.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Some headway will be made this month in your chosen career. A few concessions will be called for, but forge ahead, chin up and all that jazz. It's in the evenings when you'll find the going a lot easier. Relax with your favorite . . . drink, companion or TV show. It's okay to burn the midnight oil, you're the type who likes to see what you're doing. Spruce up your wardrobe and if you have to buy a size larger this time . . . relax, with what you've got in store, it'll all come off very soon. Don't forget the pep pills.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

This is where it's at, good-looking. The traffic stops here, right outside your pad. They're lining up to enjoy your warm company and that little extra something you always have ready and waiting. Your smooth personality and rough, husky exterior is what they all enjoy; spread it around, make everybody happy . . . and if you ever need an electric blanket then you're either sick or seventy. But before you rush off and let it all hang out, just remember the unfortunates who don't have it so good. Be charitable . . . and give 'til it hurts.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

Positive thinking is what you need to develop. It works wonders. You CAN do this or that if you set your mind to it. Doll up and go out and get it. Check out all your good points and show them off to the right people and you'll be amazed how many will join in line to greet the new you. Take that trip with a friend, there may be some strings attached, but that doesn't mean you have to tie the knot does it? Cash in on your assets. Live a little, give a little and you'll collect a lot.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

You should be able to sort out a few problems this period. You now know a few more answers to questions and will be able to come up with the right decision. Forge ahead with positive plans and don't beat about the bush unless you know who's hiding behind it. An associate may try to trick you into a compromising situation, don't be fooled. Think twice . . . ask yourself what's in it for me. Don't be blinded by good looks, enjoy them, but remember beauty is only skin deep . . . unless you're thick skinned.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

There may be some unforeseen problems coming up, but with your usual cool thinking and aplomb, you'll be able to solve them. If they concern money, try not to borrow, it's not a good time right now. Stock up for the approaching merry-making. Start collecting a few goodies, telephone numbers and some new ideas for after-hours entertainment. Clean out the closet no matter who is hiding in there. You have what it takes, you know, but so few people know it. It pays to advertise, especially at parties where they serve imported champagne in crystal glasses.

Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

You know what your sign means don't you . . . and you're the last to live up to it. Well good for you. What's the point in saving it. Don't be like the old man who waited so long for his ship to come in, his pier collapsed. Get it while the going is good, burn the candle at both ends . . . but don't get burnt. You can always blow it out first. You've got the point of all this. You've been staying in too much lately. Go out and spread it around . . . your charm that is. You know everyone loves you.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

Dust off the crystal and redecorate the pad if you have to, it's time to give those cozy get-togethers where everyone makes the most of themselves and the rest of the guests. Hire a bartender this time, save yourself for your guests. Drag out that winter clobber and if it's too tight . . . who knows, perhaps it might do something for you and your friends. Kid yourself it shrank . . . the clobber that is. Take a little of your savings out from under the mattress to pay for a little party . . . and you may discover something to put on top of it.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

It's the season to gather up a few goodies for the winter. The squirrels know what they're doing when checking their nuts, you might follow their example. Don't be shy, go seek and you'll find. Ignore some friends who berate you for your activities in the romantic field. They may be satisfied with what they've got or too lazy to join the chase. Bring home the bacon, baby . . . and with what you've got to offer, it's okay to make a pig of yourself.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

It's been a long, hot summer and you really have burned the candle at both ends, right? You haven't . . . better check over your assets and find out where it's drooping. You're too young for silicone, but toning up here and there always helps. If you answered in the positive about burning the candle this summer, you can lay back and call up a few of your new-found friends. Compare tans and offer prizes for the one who wore the tiniest bikini and a warm beer to the spoilsport who never even let it all hang out.

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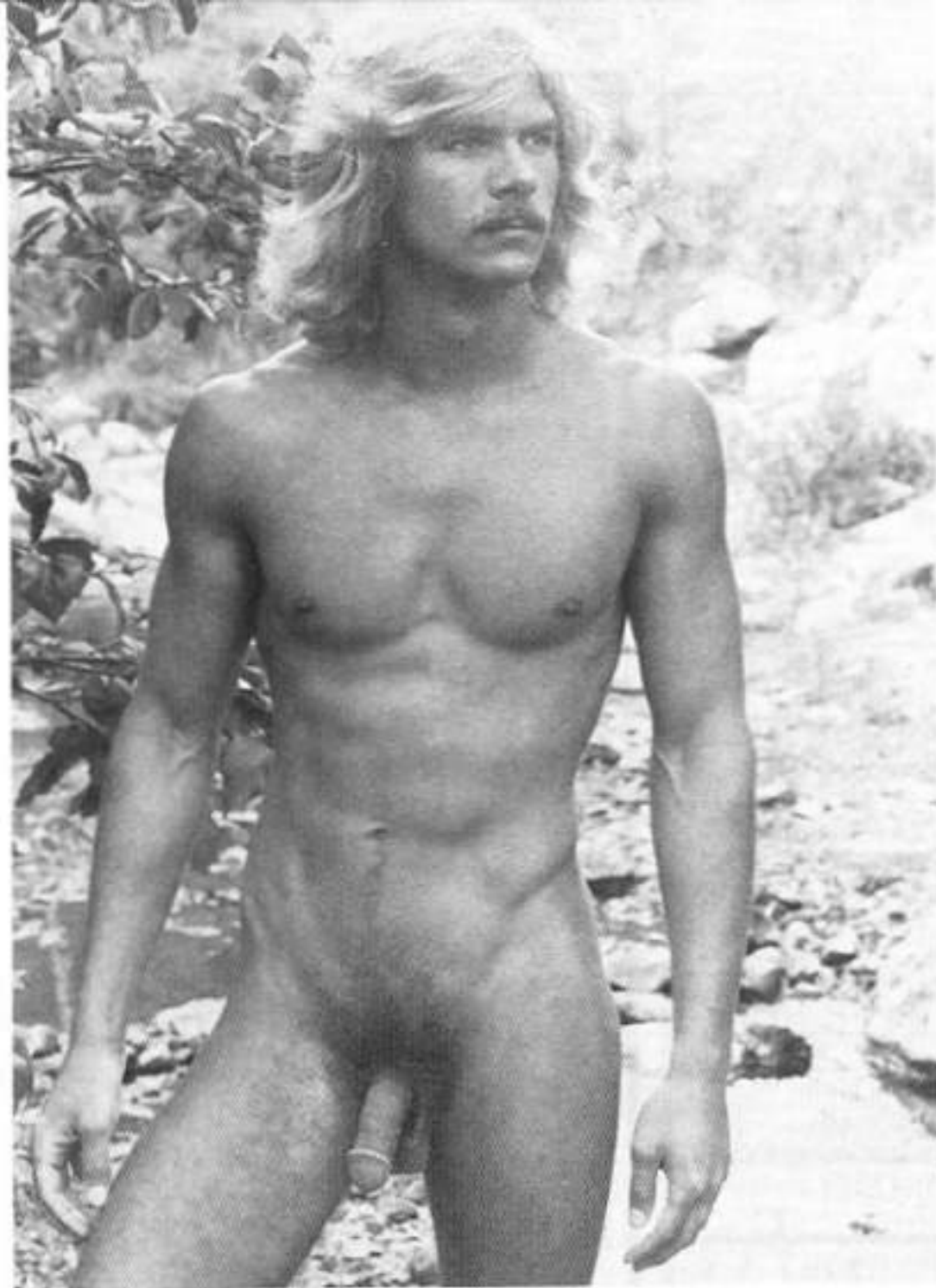
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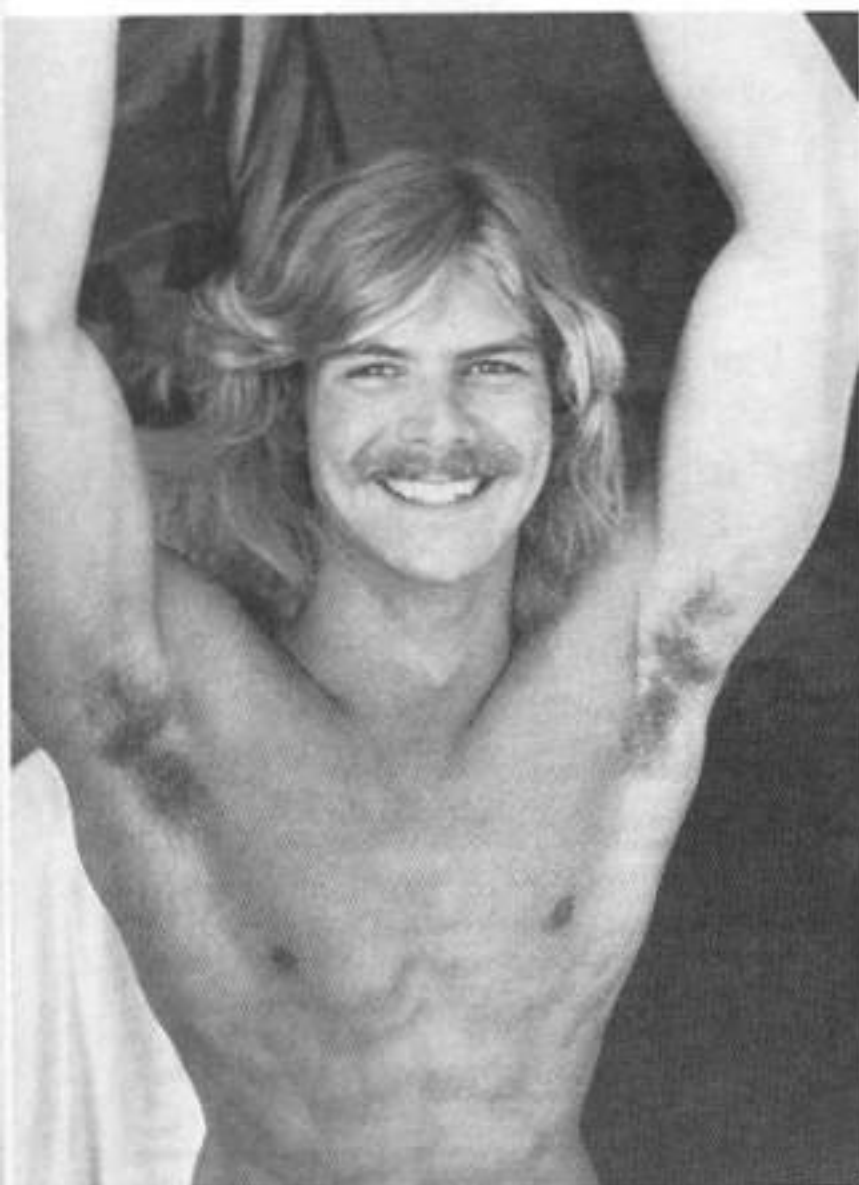


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Text and Photos by
RICHARD SULLIVAN

California Dreamin'



A friend of mine refers to Marc Cole as the California Dream personified. At six-foot-two, with long, blonde hair, handsome-boyish good looks, and beautiful swimmer's body with an all-over tan, he is the prototype of the California Surfer.

Hundreds of hours of practice with his high school and college swimming teams has given him the kind of body everyone dreams of having. So why does he hide it under baggy jeans and even baggier T-shirts? Because believe it or not, he is a shy soul. Not only shy, but kind and genuine and real. There's not a trace of phoniness about him, and he frequently surprises with his honesty and openness.

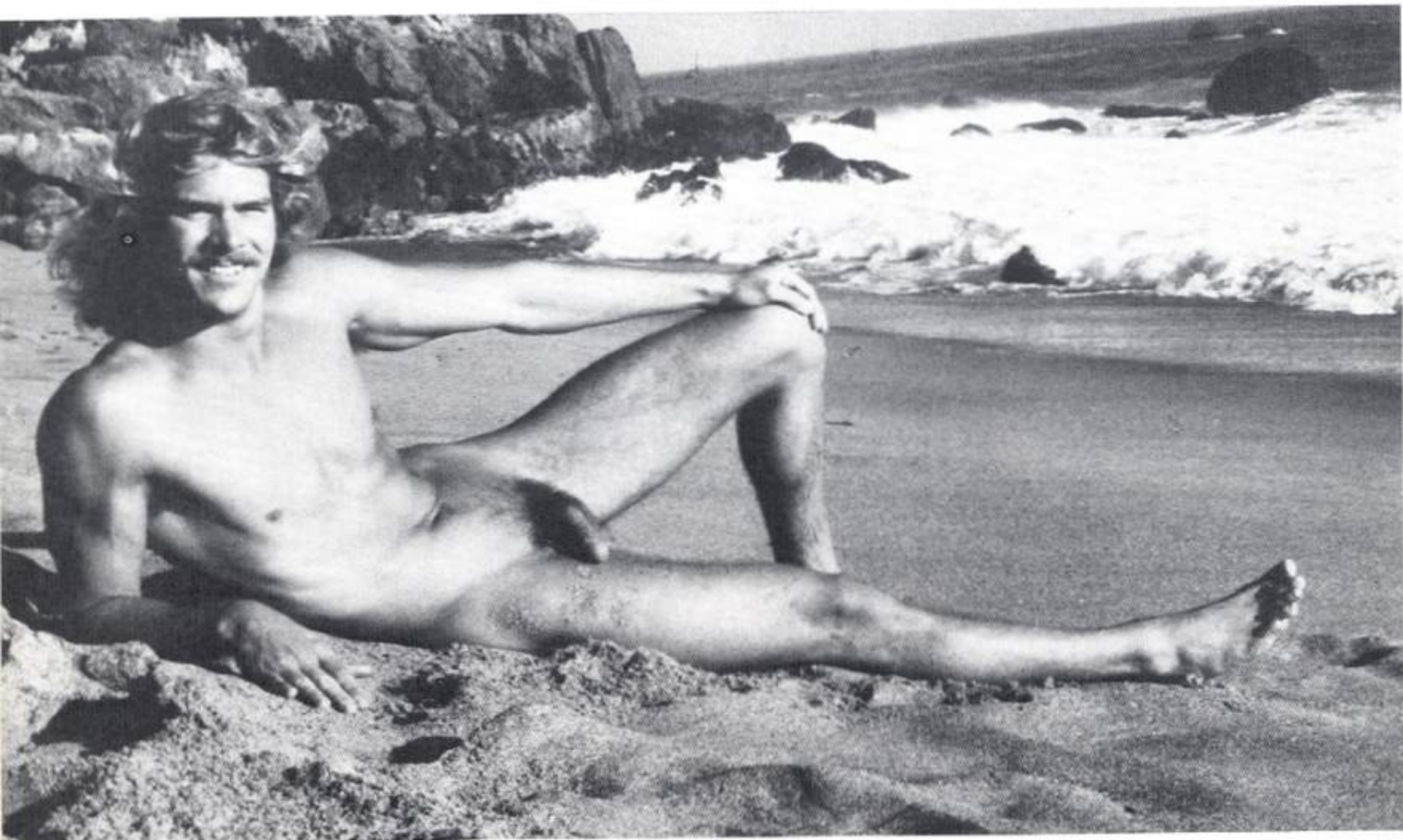
He lives in Santa Barbara, Calif.,

and for the summer shared a place with two female roommates. "We got along great," he says, "but by the end of summer they were kind of frustrated, because I would always be bringing some beautiful guy home. They were really good looking chicks, so they shouldn't have had any problems meeting guys. Maybe I'm just more forward than they are."

Well, when you look like Marc you don't have to be forward. Riding around Santa Barbara on his 10-speed clad only in gym shorts, or strolling the beach clad in nothing but a friendly manner, one would suspect a lot of people would offer their friendship.

He is an archeology major and loves to get involved in animated dis-





cussions of ancient Peru or King Tut's tomb. His field experience includes a trip to Alaska during the late Spring where he and fellow students were unearthing ancient Eskimo campgrounds that had been staked out for leisurely excavation, but now were in the path of the Alaska pipeline.

"We had to get in there and work practically 'round the clock to save what we could before it was forever lost to the pipeline project. Alaska is so incredibly vast and beautiful. I was never interested in photography until I got there. Then I just wanted to capture everything on film. But I wouldn't want to live there. The winters are terrible and I really am a beach person. I belong in California."

I think that most of us would be inclined to agree with him on that last point. Welcome home, Marc.





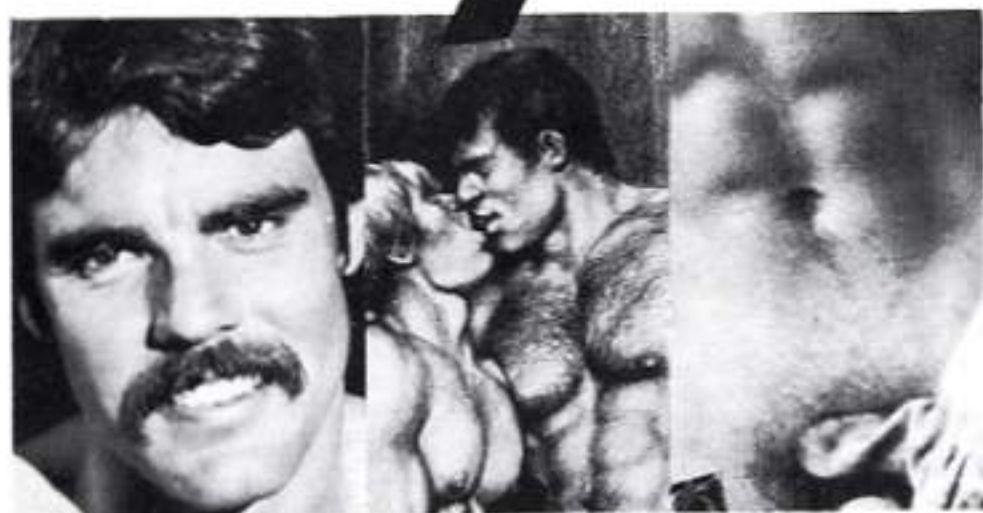
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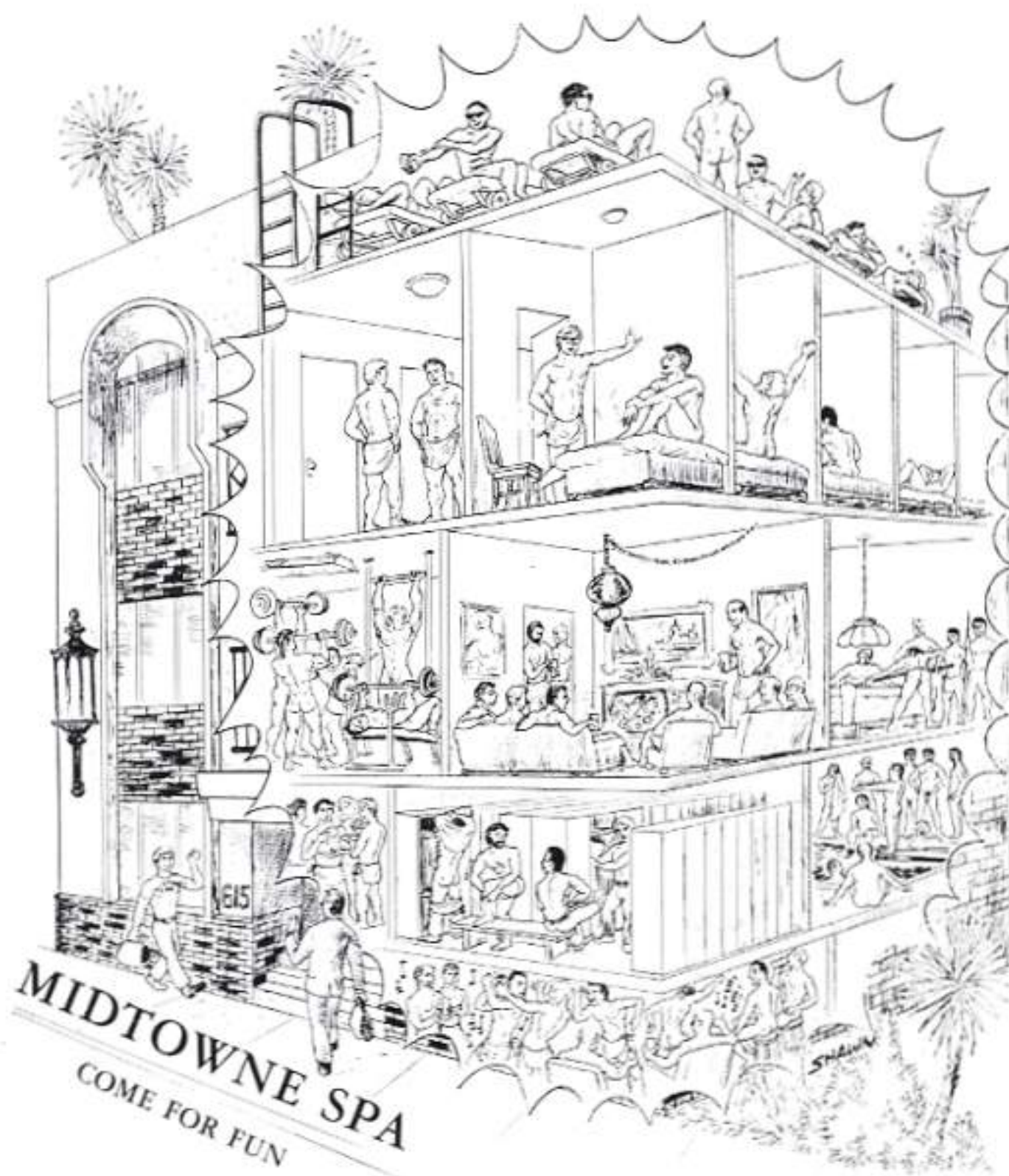
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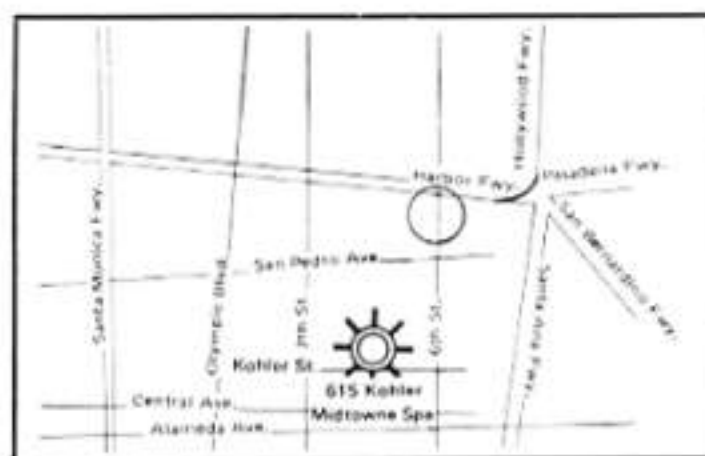
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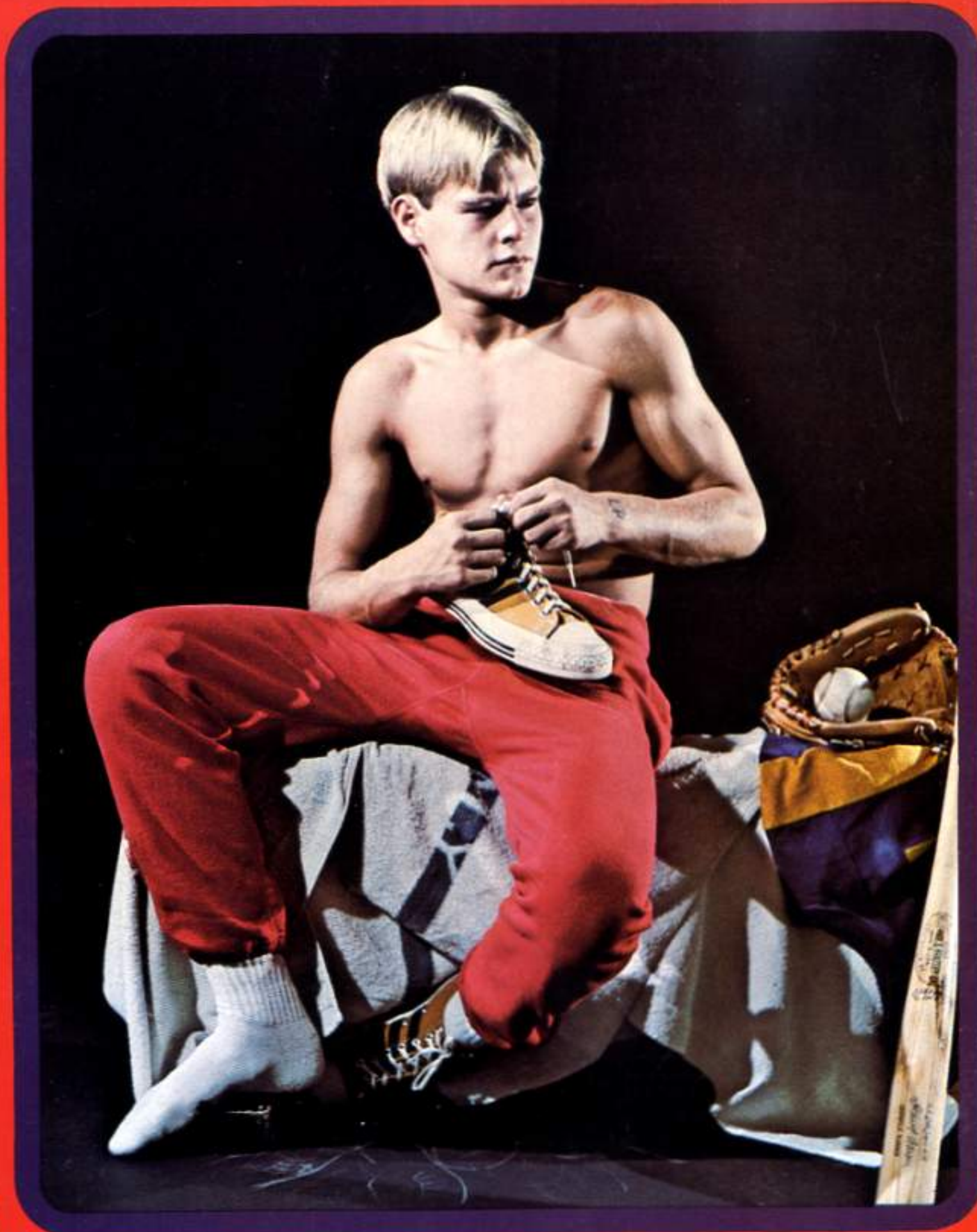
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